

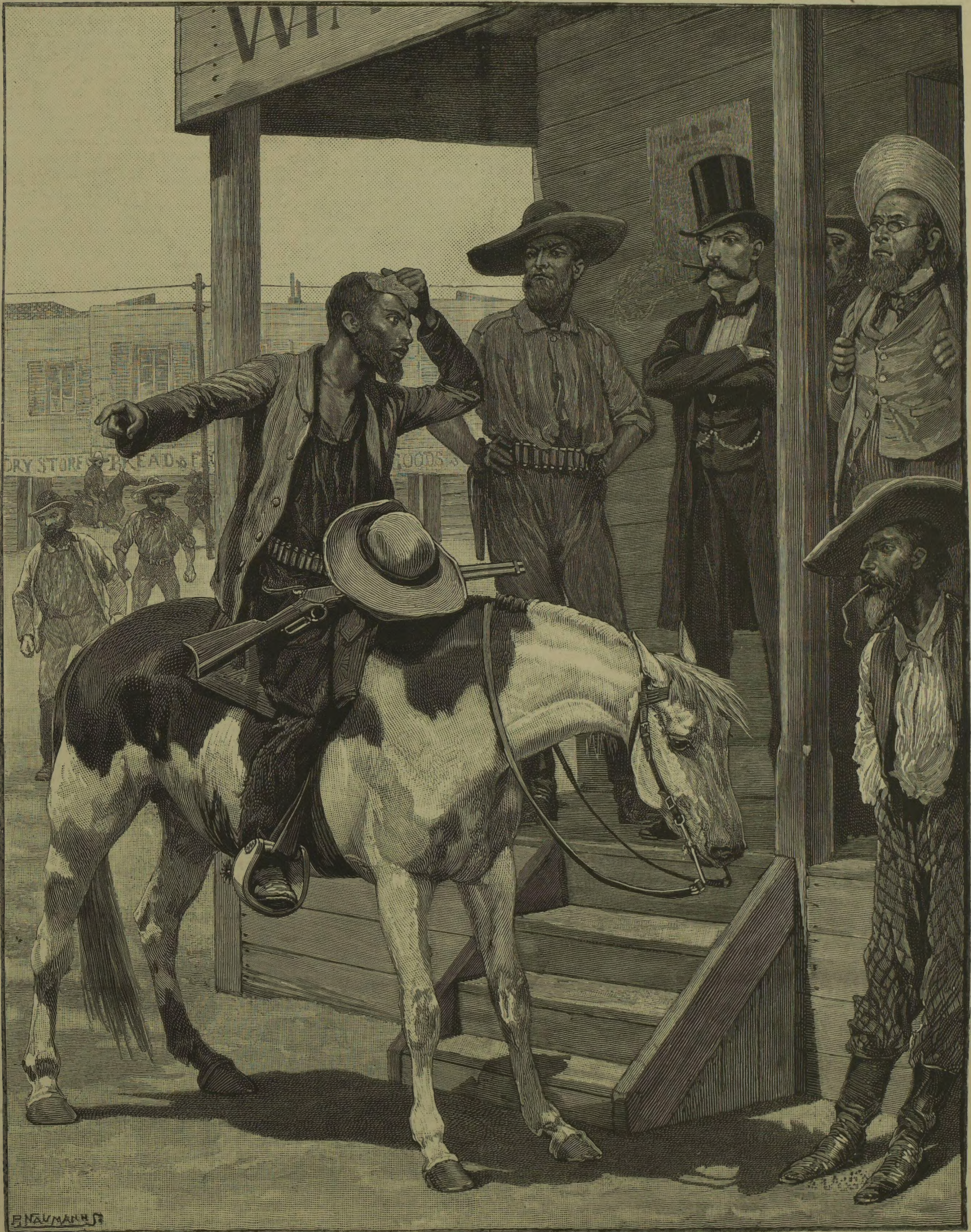
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE INDIAN RISING IN AMERICA: LATEST NEWS!



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The sea is nowhere so lightly estimated as on the coast and by the people who live by it; not, indeed, by those who do so in a financial sense—the lodging-house keepers—for they praise it in a most fulsome manner, but by “the Residents.” They resent the notion that Londoners and others should be induced to visit their locality because of the ocean, and not upon its own account. Shrimpton, they argue, does not lose its individual importance because it happens to be Shrimpton-on-Sea. It has attractions of its own, though they may not be obvious to strangers and cheap trippers. As a rule, in building their houses they even turn their backs upon the sea: they are aware, of course, that there is something of the kind in the neighbourhood, but it has no particular charms for them. If you say, “There is a fine sea on this morning,” the male resident will reply, “Really?” in a tone that borders on contempt. It seems to suggest that you are one of the class who come to get six hours at the seaside for three shillings. If you make the same remark to a lady resident, she tells you that it is only very seldom that the family ever go “on the front,” and in a tone so significant that it leaves the impression that you and your family (who go there every day) have lost your characters. This jealousy of the ocean is curious, for persons who live in a cathedral town are not indignant because we visit it for the sake of the cathedral: that edifice is, however, their peculiar pride; whereas the sea is, it must be admitted, of a roving disposition, and has the bad taste to associate itself with localities other than Shrimpton.

A young millionaire has been making a fool of himself in by no means a novel direction, by giving “as expensive a dinner as could be got.” The cost was £30 a head—a mere trifle compared with that of those Roman feasts where “nightingales’ tongues” were as common as tripe—and the dinner, probably, more pretentious than good. Besides being wasteful and, in view of the want and wretchedness around us, disgusting, those extravagant entertainments do not even fulfil their poor intention: the delicacies are out of season, and therefore bad. It is curious how vulgarity will take exactly the same direction in persons of utterly different position and separated by hundreds of years. The *nouveau riche* who affects expense in gluttony is an unconscious imitator of Vitellius and Apicius. Heliogabalus had the brains of six hundred ostriches served at a single meal. When near the sea this contrary despot would never touch fish; but when far inland fed the country clowns with lampreys. I dare say he too got paragraphs written about these things, which gave him great satisfaction. What was costly, just as in the modern millionaire’s case, was always supposed to be good, whereas a dinner of two dishes, as recommended by Walker (of the *Original*) is infinitely more grateful to the really educated palate than mere costly abundance. It is very easy for a rich man to give his cook *carte blanche*; but, if he would discover how cheaply the best dinner could be procured, he would show some sense. The cheapest dinner on record, though only of the ordinary kind, was probably enjoyed by General Bligh. That officer and his wife happened to arrive at a Yorkshire inn when there was only just so much in the larder as was sufficient for them, and, of course, they bespoke it. Some sporting gentlemen presently arrived, and, on hearing what had happened, asked who was the guest. “An Irish officer,” said the landlord, whereupon one said, “Oh, if he’s Irish, a potato will do for him. Here, take my watch up to him” (a very handsome gold one), “and ask him what’s o’clock?” The inquiry had doubtless some impertinent significance in those days which it has now lost: at all events, it brought down the General, with the watch in his hand and a pistol under each arm. “I am come,” he said, “to tell you what o’clock it is. Whose watch is this?” Everybody hastened to deny any knowledge of it whatever. “Then I have made a mistake,” said the General, “in the company. I received an impudent message which I come down to resent, but I find I have come to the wrong room.” The watch, which would have paid his dinner bill fifty times over, “he kept to his death, and left it by will to his brother, the Dean of Elphin.”

How “Science stretches forth her arms” in these days, especially when there is money to be picked up at the end of them! Think of such language as “Hydraulic projects for the primary development of power by turbines,” in connection with “a never-failing water-supply with a constant net fall of 140 ft.,” being applied (in an engineering report) to the Falls of Niagara! They are going to work everything for everybody within hundreds of miles. What a distance we have travelled from the days when the only practical suggestion respecting the Falls was made by a milkman! “With a couple of cows I guess I’d make this the champion milk-walk of the world.” Cataracts will no longer be allowed to “run to waste”; it is only garden fountains that will henceforth pass their time in play. One can imagine a waterfall of repute resenting this sort of drudgery. Lurline may picturesquely “turn a mill,” but scarcely the wheels of a sausage-manufacture.

It is pleasant to find that the practice of sending New Year presents has not utterly died out. It is a genial and kindly custom, and founded on some reasonable grounds, such as can hardly be said of the gifts of St. Valentine. At such a season it is natural with old friends to interchange tokens of goodwill as a sort of earnest of the feeling that will animate them throughout the year. To superior persons who plume themselves upon not being “sentimental” such things seem ridiculous; but the world is for the most part composed of quite ordinary folk. Similarly the new fashion of abstaining from giving marriage presents may suit a few people, but will certainly not give general satisfaction. The sentiment has

been anticipated by the poet. “I can make no marriage present,” says the lover in the ballad; but under that pretence of economy he was lying, and, even though it imposed on the lady, we do not read that the intimation (“no presents”) was agreeable to her. The desire to cut off these little kindnesses indicates a meanness of disposition, just as (to use a seasonable metaphor) when the pipes cease to flow we know that the cistern is frozen.

The worst part of “seasonable” weather is said to be the frost, but it is, in fact, the thaw that follows it. The former may be inconvenient, but the latter plays the duncie (or *douche*) with us. One might just as well accuse the lightning of turning the milk and the thunder of setting your house on fire. Still, neither frost nor thaw is supposed to affect the denizens of Club-land, but only family people. A whist club, not a thousand miles from Charing Cross, nevertheless discovered the other day that it possessed no such immunity. Imagine four tables “going” in a large room lit by electric light, in an atmosphere of silence, and with all the solemn circumstances that environ the sacred game, and suddenly, as though evoked by a miraculous rod, a cataract bursting from the wall! However, it only swamped one set, and the rest went on with that sublime inattention to the troubles of others peculiar to whist-players and hunting-men whose brothers have come to grief in a ditch. “Under this chandelier,” said one gentleman, who had been holding excellent hands, “I think we are pretty safe, no matter what the thaw does”; and, as the words left his lips, about half a ton of water came down his back from the very source of light. “I am not going to leave my seat,” he spluttered, “with cards like this! Waiter, my umbrella!”

The ungraciousness with which the American Copyright Bill has been received in England—where all our own legislation is the result of compromise—is more curious than creditable, and proves that, however much we may appreciate books, we care very little for the interests of those who write them. One gentleman, who has always been of opinion that literature, like virtue, should be its own reward, has suddenly developed a solicitude—for the reader. Being a sort of political economist—though of a mongrel type—he calls him the consumer. His tender heart is alarmed lest, in case of some measure of self-defence being adopted on the part of our Government against the manufacturing clauses of the Bill, we should find ourselves deprived of American books. I wonder how many American books this consumer has ever devoured himself, and what privations he would endure if this mental pabulum were denied him! What one is still waiting for, however, is a letter from the English author who, to make things pleasant when on tour in America, once expressed himself as “preferring to be read than bought,” to denounce the Bill. That will complete the picture of how we looked the American gift-horse in the mouth.

If our Government cannot apply the obvious remedies to amend what is amiss in the manufacturing clauses, without sacrificing the indisputable benefits of the Bill, it must be in a feeble state indeed. The uproar raised by the printing interest reminds one of the patient whose passionate shrieks aroused the curiosity of the dentist making his preliminary investigation: “Is it possible that I hurt you, Sir?” “Not at present, but I am dreadfully afraid that you are going to hurt me.” There is, however, one really pathetic remonstrance. Mr. Charles Dickens points out that if the wrongs inflicted by the Bill upon the printers—with which calling he is connected—are not redressed, he will suffer from international copyright almost as much as his father suffered from the absence of it.

That all songs do not soothe may be proved by anyone who takes that much-recommended trip to Ireland and whistles “Croppies lie down” or “Boyne Water” in neighbourhoods the inhabitants of which do not sympathise with those strains; but in England it was thought one might whistle what one liked, without giving offence, so long as it was not out of tune. It seems, however, that the London “peeler” cannot stand the popular melody entitled “Ask” (or, more usually, “ast”) “a P’liceman.” Like Gabriel Grub, who cuffed the lad for carolling at Christmas time, the whole force, from A downwards, will “trounce” or “bash” the boy who sings or hums or whistles this inane song. Nothing so contemptible has so excited the passions since “Lilli-bulero” was composed, and, like it, the author of “Ask a P’liceman” is a literary secret. Perhaps it is because we did not use to be a musical nation that songs have not, heretofore, made us lose our tempers; but it was certainly always necessary for that purpose to insult us in prose. A word without a rhyme would do it. Say “Cuckoo” to a Borrowdale man, and see what will come of it. The reproach has nothing to do with the Shakspearean use of the epithet: it suggests an intellectual inferiority. The inhabitants of the valley in question, one of the most secluded as well as the most beautiful in England, were at one time very simple folk. They were credited with the idea that if they could keep the cuckoo within their boundaries they would secure a perpetual spring, and that to this end they built a wall around the bird, and any reference to this profitless achievement is greatly resented.

I have always found Borrowdale folk as sagacious as their neighbours, but there are very curious tales told of their simplicity in old times. One of them describes the entrance of a jackass into their territory. This animal was unknown to them, and the most ancient person in the village was summoned to discover and declare its nature. He put on his spectacles and consulted his books, and came to the conclusion it was a peacock. The best story of the locality is, however, connected with the education movement. A Borrowdale man having purchased that entire novelty, a pair of stirrups, in Keswick, got his wooden shoes into them, but could not get them out. He therefore remained sitting upon his horse in the stable for many weary days, until the genius of the family, about to enter at St. Bees, hit on the device of taking the saddle off, on which “feyther” remained on the kitchen floor for months, carding wool. On the lad’s return from college his trained intelligence suggested taking “feyther’s” shoes off, and restoring him to a life of active usefulness.

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen is at Osborne, and drives out every day, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught. On Jan. 6, being the Feast of Epiphany, the customary offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh was made on behalf of her Majesty in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s Palace. The Bishop of London, Dean of her Majesty’s Chapels Royal, officiated; and the Hon. Sir S. Ponsonby Fane, K.C.B., and Captain Walter Stopford, Gentlemen Ushers-in-Waiting, attended and presented her Majesty’s gift. Till the illness of George III. the monarch always presented it in person.

Baron de Hirsch and Baroness de Hirsch have been entertaining his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and a distinguished circle of guests at the Baron’s recently acquired Norfolk seat—Wretham Hall, near Thetford. His Royal Highness is now at Sandringham, where the Marquis of Hartington is among his guests.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, and attended by Miss Knollys and Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn, were present on Sunday, Jan. 4, at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached the sermon.

The Prime Minister is at Hatfield, and, in spite of rumour to the contrary, is in excellent health.

The reality of the distress in the West of Ireland is attested by the important letter from Lord Zetland and Mr. Balfour. In this document the charitable public are invited to send subscriptions to Dublin Castle, though it may be presumed that there is nothing to prevent relief from finding its way direct to the distressed districts. Mr. Balfour suggests that these alms should be limited to cases of families that cannot derive benefit from public works, and special stress is laid on the necessity of providing the food and clothing without which the children cannot go to school. It is evident that the Government expect a fiercer grip of famine in Connemara this winter than was anticipated three months ago.

Luckily no success has attended the effort to get up a war scare in consequence of the dispute between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine about the Behring Sea. Stories of the American Fleet preparing to seize Canadian fishing-boats, and of the British Navy swooping down on the American coasts, have not caused any excitement either in Great Britain or in the United States. It is too plain that the vapouring of some of Mr. Blaine’s friends is an electioneering manoeuvre from which it is hoped the Republican Party will retrieve some of the credit lost in the recent elections. The practical point in the Behring Sea dispute seems to be a close time for seals. It is alleged that the Canadians refuse to recognise this, and so threaten the fisheries with extinction. But such a question is eminently one for arbitration.

The Scotch railway strike has entered a violent phase. Crowds have been dispersed by the batons of the police, and the military have fired blank cartridges. Some smashed signal-boxes seem to have been the extent of the disaster. The railway men run serious risk of forfeiting public sympathy by acts of aggression which entail such measures. Two of the rioters were brought before Provost Colville on Jan. 6 upon a charge of storming a passenger train, and received sentence of sixty days’ imprisonment. The Caledonian and North British Railways are apparently helpless, as, in spite of the immense number of applications for work by men of doubtful qualifications, they have still, it is said, a thousand places to give away.

There are renewed rumours of an early dissolution. The chief Conservative Whip is reported to have warned the Ministerial managers throughout the country to prepare for a general election in a few weeks. Lord Randolph Churchill, who is abroad, has written to a friend that the Government have an unequalled opportunity of turning the embarrassment of their opponents to account. There has, apparently, been a disinclination in the Cabinet to take advantage of the Irish crisis, but it is scarcely likely that the year will pass without an appeal to the country.

The letters of Mr. Frank Smith, late Commissioner of the Salvation Army, have not received from General Booth the attention they deserve, though they raise the question whether the General has any practical knowledge of the social problem with which he proposes to cope. To write a book is one thing: to organise industrial machinery is another. If Mr. Smith organised the labour bureau of the Salvation Army, and if General Booth forced him to resign by insisting on a policy quite incompatible with the interests of the work, it can scarcely be said that the autocracy of the chief of the Salvation Army is a sufficient guarantee for the effectual administration of the funds subscribed by the public. Plainly, General Booth must do something more than assert that he will not be governed by “commissioners.”

As a topic of conversation the weather has easily distanced all competitors. Skaters have not for years had such a continuous spell of enjoyment, and several partial thaws have been followed by increased rigour of frost. The suffering of the poor is very great, and the terrors of Mr. Balfour’s description of Irish needs might fairly be applied to every large town in Great Britain. Thousands of quarrymen and labourers are being kept out of employment by the frost. If free meals and gifts of clothes are wanted for Irish children, they are equally needed by children in England, and it would be a grave error if charitable relief in this direction were relaxed because of claims in other quarters. The weather has caused great disaster among the shipping, and several vessels have gone ashore on our coast. The Welsh farmers report that several thousand sheep have perished on the mountains.

On the evening of New Year’s Day, at a sale of work in connection with St. John’s Church, Oldfield-lane, Wortley, an outlying portion of the borough of Leeds, there was an entertainment called “Snowflakes” to be given by children, and, while preparing for it, the artificial costume of one of a party of fifteen became ignited at the flame of a small Chinese lantern. The terrible result is that nine of the children have died, and five are injured and disfigured, it is feared, permanently.

The contest in East and West Hartlepool brought about by the lamented death of Mr. Thomas Richardson is likely to be conducted with much vigour and enthusiasm. Sir William Gray is the Unionist, and Mr. Christopher Farnish the Liberal, candidate. Both candidates are Dissenters, both are ship-owners and shipbuilders, and both are largely interested in the industrial operations of the district. They are solely at issue on the question of Home Rule, so that the contest will have a quite peculiar political interest.

Mrs. Gladstone attained her seventy-ninth birthday on Jan. 6, and was the recipient of a large number of presents and congratulatory letters, as well as a telegram from Princess Louise. On Sunday, Jan. 4, Mr. Gladstone read both the lessons at the morning service at Hawarden Church.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE INDIAN RISING IN AMERICA.

At the time of writing this, news of a battle in South Dakota between the Sioux insurgents, reckoned at sixteen hundred warriors, collected in the rocky district fifteen miles north of the Pine Ridge Agency, and the troops of the United States Army and militia, commanded by General Miles, might daily or hourly be expected. The whole force of General Miles, amounting to 8000—twelve regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and some field artillery—had closed, in three separate divisions, south, west, and north, on the exits from the "Bad Lands," awaiting an attempt of the Indians to break out into the plains. General Schofield and General Brooke commanded two of these divisions. The Indians are well armed with rifles, and are most expert horsemen, but have no artillery; they would be a formidable foe to either of the separate divisions of regular troops. The 7th Cavalry Regiment, a few days previously, was surrounded and attacked by nearly two thousand Indians, and only the timely arrival of the 9th Regiment saved it from destruction. It was the same cavalry regiment that was engaged in the fierce conflict at Wounded Knee Creek, or Porcupine Creek, with the section of a tribe under a chief named Big Foot, who resisted the taking away their arms, when about seventy of the white men were killed or wounded, but finally nearly all the Indians, men, women, and children, perished under the volleys fired by the troops. The unrelenting fury, on both sides, with which the Sioux war has been commenced appears shocking to readers in Europe. It should, however, be observed that the Indians, on this occasion, are fighting not only with their native savage ferocity, but in a spirit of superstitious fanaticism, excited by false prophecies, threatening the indiscriminate massacre, accompanied by dreadful tortures, of all the families of white settlers for a hundred miles around their camp. They will accept no quarter when defeated, and the women, many of whom fight, are even more cruel than the men.

In some degree, on the part of the civilised people of the United States, this lamentable warfare is a matter of self-defence, and of the protection of peaceful homes scattered over a vast extent of open country. A small portion only, about one tenth, of all the North American Indian race is directly concerned in it; and their grievances, if any, seem to be local and incidental, as the regular administration of food supplies, at the cost of the United States Government, has been punctual and sufficient to preserve tranquillity in most of the "Indian Reservations." Great anxiety and alarm in the towns and villages of Dakota and Nebraska, within reach of possible incursions by an enemy travelling far more swiftly than the regular military forces can do, must have been felt during this campaign. The scene represented in our Sketch is the arrival of news at one of those small Western towns.

## THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

It is an unfortunate but an inevitable truism that the value of a relic decreases in proportion as the chances of its authenticity increase. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why these memorials are few and prosaic compared with the display made at the Tudor and Stuart Exhibitions. The Duchess of York's shoe (5) may have an unassailable title, for it is not quite a hundred years since the Princess Royal of Prussia—Frederick William the Second's eldest daughter—took to herself a husband, who failed to make her life a happy one; but it can scarcely be said that this not very Cinderella shoe can kindle in the minds of the reverential the same warmth of feeling as, for instance, the old brogues which Prince Charlie gave to Kingsburgh at Portree after Culloden, and which were to be used as the latter's passport when "the King" was installed at St. James's.

The coronation chair and stool of George III. (6) is not very intelligible, even if George II. be meant. George III. was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and, so far as is known, sat upon the chair which has been used for that purpose for many generations—"this stone of Scone embedded in Plan-tagenet oak" which was brought there by Edward I. He succeeded as Elector in 1760, but he was not proclaimed King until 1816, when he was quite unable to take part in any pageant. There is another Royal relic here more curious than beautiful—the massive setting of the Crown of George IV. (3), which was recently disposed of, in consequence of the Queen having altogether changed the shape of the Royal crown. This "relic," which is quite indisputable, was, we believe, purchased a year or two ago from Messrs. Garrands, to whom it had been sold as "old gold." The Collar and Star of the Order of the Guelphs of Hanover (2) represent a now fast disappearing order of knighthood. It would be difficult to name any living member of the order except the present Duke of Cambridge, for it has been conferred upon no one since 1837, so that the Queen herself is not a member of it. It has been replaced by the Victoria and Albert Order, instituted in 1862, and in other ways by the enlargement of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Among the relics of old plate, the cake-basket (8) lent by Mr. Wertheimer is a very fine specimen of pierced silver work, executed at the beginning of the last century; but it does not possess either the historic or the artistic interest offered by a similar piece (case G) lent by Mrs. Dent of Sudeley, known as the Walpole basket, which shows the peculiar work designed by Paul Lami. At the bottom are the arms of Walpole, surrounded by the garter, bearing witness to the rare distinction he enjoyed as a commoner. The tall silver candlestick (10), dated 1758, marks the period when removable nozzles first came into use, and also a reversion to the original form of candlesticks. The earliest secular ones known date from the reign of Charles II., and are of Doric columns; but in the reign of Queen Anne the baluster stand, terminating in a square base with corners cut off, became fashionable. Its lineal descendant was to be seen—made in brass—in every cottage until mineral oil drove candles out of use. The earlier candlesticks, of which a few specimens still exist in churches, were really "sticks" on which the candles were stuck; hence their name of "pricket candlesticks."

The hanger of the "wicked" Lord Byron (16) is a somewhat ghastly relic, and the history connected with it recalls the unpleasant side of "life" in the days of good King George. It was in January 1765 that William, fifth Lord Byron, and his Nottinghamshire neighbour Mr. Chaworth met at the Star and Garter, a tavern in Pall-mall. A quarrel arose, it is said, on the subject of game-preserving, and words led to blows, and then to a challenge. The two disputants fought at once in a private room, and Mr. Chaworth was mortally wounded. Lord Byron was arrested and tried, and found guilty of manslaughter, but was able to escape on the payment of a fine. More

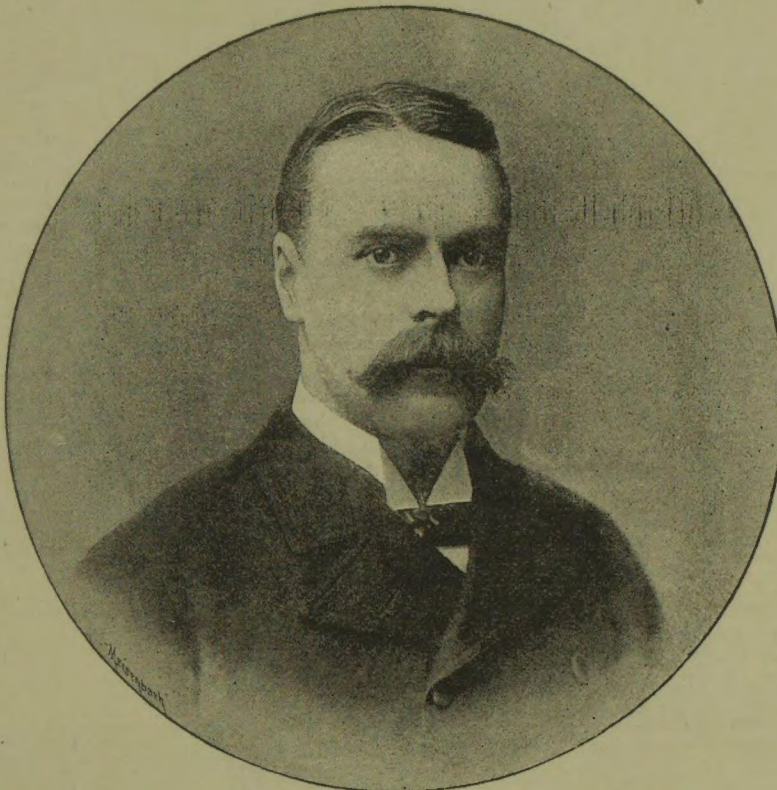
interesting is Dr. Johnson's writing-desk (10), lent by Pembroke College, which has preserved many other interesting memorials of their one-time scholar. Johnson's rooms were on the second floor, over the gateway; and this desk may have been that on which he wrote, in October 1729, his virtuous resolve: "I bid farewell to Sloth, resolved henceforth not to listen to her syren strains." Unfortunately, his college career was closed a few weeks later, and he was unable to give his tutors the benefit of his resolution.

Beau Brummel's sword (17) is very indicative of the man who wore it—fair outside with its Wedgwood medallion and polished steel hilt, but only dry parchment beneath—useful for nothing but a *levée* in fine weather.

The Napoleon relics have sad associations, and suggest that but rudimentary notions of honesty were current in the British Army. The story goes that the Emperor's travelling carriage was rifled after the fight at Waterloo—that the soldiers sold the articles found in it to the first-comers, who naturally bequeathed them to their heirs. Much as we may be proud of the results of that day, one feels that the proper place for such relics is the fallen Emperor's own land.

## THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MADRAS.

The successor of Lord Connemara as Governor of the Madras Presidency, Lord Wenlock, departed for India on Jan. 2. His Lordship had been entertained at York with a farewell congratulatory banquet attended by many of the Yorkshire nobility and gentry. The Right Hon. Sir Beilby Lawley, Bart., third Baron Wenlock, of Escrick Park, York, was born in 1849, his mother being daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and married, in 1872, Lady Constance Mary Lascelles,



LORD WENLOCK, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MADRAS.

daughter of the fourth Earl of Harewood. His Lordship is Vice-Chairman of the County Council for the East Riding, and was M.P. for Chester from April to July 1880, when he was unseated on petition.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, Baker-street.

## DISTRESS AT THE EAST-END.

The prolonged severe wintry weather during the last December and first January weeks must have caused much suffering to the very poor, some of whom are "always with us"; for the want of fuel and warm clothing, as well as of nourishing food, is cruel destitution in cold weather. There are doubtless, at this season, in different parts of London—in the crowded district between Lincoln's Inn-fields and St. Martin's-lane, in the bye-streets of Westminster and Chelsea, in Clerkenwell, and in Lambeth and Southwark, as well as in East London—many persons and families in real distress. The present total amount of such helpless poverty is believed, on the safest reports and computations, not at all to exceed the average at this time of the year. There is apparently less difficulty than in former years of finding employment for unskilled able-bodied labourers, for some of the suburban vestries—that of Hampstead, for instance—could hardly get five or six men together for the work of clearing the roads of snow; and at the Victoria and Albert Docks, which have seldom been fuller of ships, the men hired to unload corn for Canadian steamers, earning at the rate of twelve shillings and sixpence a day, struck for higher wages. It is the aged and infirm, the forlorn women, too often deserted wives, the feeble persons cast adrift by the wreck of homes, perhaps far off in the country, and permitted by careless neighbours to come to London in quest of relatives or friends whom they fail to find, or who cannot assist them—it is these classes of people who mostly suffer. They are not seen much in the streets, but they starve, or at best live wretchedly by ill-paid and precarious work, if they know how to get it, which few strangers to London can know; and only the "district visitors," the ministers of religion, or the agents of well-organised systematic charity, acquainted with the locality and its inhabitants, can discover these cases, or can test the reality of their needs.

Our Artist, under trustworthy guidance, has gone his rounds in Whitechapel and the neighbourhood: the subjects of his Sketches are such as we have generally described. Here is a decent old couple who make such cheap wire articles as toasting-forks, gridirons, and the like, carrying them about in the evening for sale in the streets. They may bring home a shilling or two, but it is a poor livelihood; their meals are nothing but a piece of bread and some weak tea; their companion is a stray cat. It is long since either the old man or his old wife could buy any clothes, and his boots are so unsound that he has wet feet at his first step in the miry snow. There is a family, a mason's labourer, his sick wife, and a daughter—the girl does not figure in this Sketch—who came up from Lancashire on Christmas Eve. It is a pity that they, and hundreds monthly who are like them, should ever be encouraged to come to London. Of course he can get

no work here; nobody knows him; and he pays fourpence a night for his own bed in a lodging-house, while the room occupied by his wife and daughter costs a shilling a night! The cost of lodging or apartments in London is alone sufficient reason why the poor all over England should not think of seeking to better their condition by removing to this overburdened Metropolis without assured employment. This mistaken practice is really the main cause of nearly all the extreme poverty, beyond that occasioned by accident or by personal misconduct, that is to be deplored in London life.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: Sir Hercules Robinson, Dinner to Poor Children at Brighton, the late Mr. Charles Keene and Mr. J. L. Latey, "My Danish Sweetheart," the late Mr. A. W. Kinglake, Railway Strike in Scotland, Silchester Antiquities, From the Thames to Siberia.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Senatorial elections in France took place on Sunday, Jan. 4, and are remarkable as pointing conclusively to the increasing hold of the Republican institutions over the people, and the weakness of the Monarchist and reactionary parties—a result due in some measure to the recent attitude of the French clergy towards the Republic. After many years of distrust and latent hostility, the Catholic Church has at last recognised accomplished facts; and to Cardinal Lavigerie devolved the task of making it known that henceforth the Catholic clergy would support the present régime and the existing institutions of France. It is true that one discordant voice has been heard—that of the Royalist Bishop Freppel, whose loyalty to the Legitimist Party is well known. But even Bishop Freppel will have to submit to the higher authority of the Vatican, whose assent Cardinal Lavigerie had secured before making his now historical declarations. Another very important result of the recent elections is the return, by a large majority, of M. Jules Ferry to the Senate, where he will represent his native Department of the Vosges. M. Ferry will now return to political life, after having wiped off his crushing defeat at Saint-Dié last year, when he was beaten at the elections for the Chamber of Deputies by one of the few successful Boulangist candidates, and may prove very shortly a formidable rival to M. De Freycinet. It is only a few days ago that the latter was elected a member of the French Academy, and he has just scored another success in being returned as a Senator for Paris by 579 votes out of 654. It is said that M. De Freycinet's ambition aims at higher things, and that he cherishes the hope of being some day President of the Republic—a by no means impossible contingency. For of all French statesmen of the present day he is the one man who has invariably managed to accomplish whatever he had in view, and whose return to power after each successive fall was always a probable event. More than ever, M. De Freycinet's career will be interesting to watch, and the fact that M. Ferry has now entered the lists is not calculated to make it a less exciting and profitable study.

At a time when a good deal of excitement is reported to exist in Newfoundland with regard to the Fisheries question, which may have some bearing on the relations of France with Great Britain, it is as well to point out the precise state of things at the present moment. As a matter of fact, there has been, so far, no renewal of the *modus vivendi*, and no agreement has yet been come to on the subject, although it is probable that such will be the first step towards a settlement of that long outstanding question. It would seem, therefore, that the irritation of the Newfoundlanders is somewhat premature. As to the compensation to be offered to France, nothing is certain, except that France will not accept a monetary compensation for the abandonment of the right she enjoys in virtue of the Treaty of Utrecht. The separation of the island from Great Britain, and its ultimate admission to the Union, are very doubtful, and more doubtful still is the assumption of the anti-British leaguers, that by joining the United States Newfoundland would be released from the treaty obligations which it finds so intolerable at present.

According to the latest available information in connection with the Behring Straits difficulty, many American vessels are under orders to proceed to San Francisco, thereby increasing the United States Fleet there to twenty-three ships, carrying 118 guns and 3000 men. The British Pacific Fleet consists of six ships with 52 guns and 1229 men, and the German Fleet of seven ships with 42 guns and 1500 men.

Africa has become a sort of Europe beyond the seas, to which we must now look to see what European nations are doing, for they make up in the Dark Continent for their lack of activity in the older quarter of the globe. Holland having at last signed the general Act of the Brussels Conference, the Congo Free State will now be placed on a sounder financial footing, and the question of the reversion of this richest of African territories, or of the exercise of the right of pre-emption by a great Power, has been indefinitely postponed. The result cannot but be gratifying to Great Britain and Germany, who have done much to bring it about. In Zanzibar the Germans have hoisted their flag, and begun in earnest their task of civilisation by issuing stringent regulations as to the importation or exportation of goods into the German East African territories, and the collection of custom dues on account of the Imperial Government. There is no news of Emin Pasha, who, heedless of Major von Wissmann's order of recall, is pursuing the even tenor of his way, and may some day have to be rescued a second time. There is a rumour to the effect that a dispute has arisen between Germany and Portugal as to the ownership of some coal-mines in the Rovuma district, on the boundary between their respective spheres of influence.

In the Speech from the Throne the King of Portugal has expressed the earnest wish that the negotiations with Great Britain regarding the delimitation of British and Portuguese spheres of influence in Africa may soon result in a satisfactory agreement. Another question of the same kind will shortly be the object of diplomatic negotiations at Lisbon, where Portuguese and Belgian delegates are to settle the partition of Muata Zambo, a district bordering on the province of Angola. They will probably be more successful than the French and Spanish delegates who have been appointed to delimitate the respective territories of France and Spain, in the Gaboon region, between the Mouni and Benito Rivers, but who, it is feared, will find it impossible to agree. A first meeting has been held of a purely formal character, but, from the instructions the delegates of each country are believed to have received, no agreement is expected to follow. France is likely to propose arbitration as a way out of the difficulty; but Spain, it seems, is unwilling to accede to such a proposal.



## SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, G.C.M.G.

Sir Hercules Robinson was born in 1824. Having served for some time in the 87th Fusiliers, after quitting the Army he was appointed in succession to various important Colonial Governorships, including Hong Kong, Ceylon, New South Wales, New Zealand, and the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Hercules further achieved considerable distinction when serving on special service, and as President of the Royal Commission for the settlement of the affairs in the Transvaal in 1885. In the following year he served as Commissioner to inquire into the affairs of the Mauritius. He is a director of the London and Westminster Bank.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.



SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, G.C.M.G.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY CHILDREN'S DINNER, BRIGHTON.

For the third successive New Year's Day, by the kindness of the inhabitants of Brighton, and by the management of a large committee, including over a dozen Aldermen and Town Councillors, some thirty other gentlemen, and as many ladies, a good dinner was provided, on Jan. 1, for a very big party of poor children. The chairman of the committee was Councillor E. Booth; the vice-chairman and treasurer, Mr. W. Bennett; the arrangements made by Mr. J. W. Hellewell, hon. secretary; the ladies' committee was presided over by the Mayoress of Brighton, Mrs. Soper, with Miss Helen Marchant acting as honorary secretary. Besides money subscriptions, gifts of meat, bread, vegetables, and fruit, groceries, toys, and books and clothing for distribution, Christmas trees and other decorations, and loans of furniture, plates, and dishes, were bestowed for the occasion by many Brighton tradesmen and private residents. Mr. Rose, of 110, Marine-parade, gave all the soup. Dinner for the little people, on a great scale, was ready at one o'clock in the Dome and Corn Exchange, where nearly 3700 children sat down to the feast, the quarts of soup, the roast or boiled meat, the hundred and more plum-puddings, the oranges, lemonade, syrups, or ginger-beer. It was a very pleasant sight. Four hundred gentlemen

tile roofs. The pastures there lie brown with the withered ragweed, whose flowers but lately sprinkled them with gold. Fertile, farther away to the south, stretches the widening country, barred on its horizon by a great key-fortress rising dim, tragedy-haunted, on its rock. There the ploughs are turning, the railways are thundering, and the bustle of the world is going on. Here, between the hills, the river brawls alone. The narrowing strath rises to lose itself under the brown, shadowy depth of the withered pine-woods. On each side, at the mountain foot, the birches—a purple mist shot with silver stems—hang motionless. And away, above, swept only by great blue shadows, the red moors rise silent.

The traveller passes on, and the pine-woods close about him. Elsewhere, about human dwellings and in the open country, reminiscence comes at the asking. One says "I will remember," and the past by effort of will comes back. Here, however, it is otherwise. The scented silence of these northern woods seems haunted always by momentous memories. As one treads the brown floor of the dim forest spaces, vague ancient instincts wake again in the blood. Here reigns a presence, as the Roman felt in his pine-woods of the Apennine, so that he believed the forest aisles the dwelling of a god. Here a man walks firmer, stirred by new high impulses subtle as the influence of music. Here at the same time dwells an awe, mysterious, unspeaking; and one ceases to marvel that the imagination, the inspiration, of the world have come always out of mountain lands.

Happy is the race that owns a mountain home! Amid the solitude of the quiet glens, life, like a mountain spring, wells clear and deep and sweet. Memories have time to gather and grow, like the moss on the valley boulders. Affections, undisturbed as the years go by, knit their roots together in the silence, tender and strong. And as the blood in the bright hill air grows pure, the soul, living close to the great soul of nature, sees further into the solemn depth and truth of life.

Something of this awe and tenderness, this consciousness of a nobler life, it is which comes upon the wanderer amid these pine-woods of the north. Here, in the stillness palpable, reigns a great and subtle enchantment. Here, when the stillness is broken, when the voices of the solitude speak, amid the rush and strife of the elements, comes another revelation, filling the heart with fuller life, with the dawn of heroic possibilities. To the stranger, at first, the roar of the river in its channel far below, and the winds of the equinox overhead among the pines, may seem only empty sound. But if he live long enough within hearing of them he may come to interpret something of their language, to feel stealing like wine into his blood the spell and the inspiration of their primeval runes.

Amid these influences for ages the sons of the north have lived. Of these have been born the chivalry and superstition, the deeds and thoughts, the character and history of a race. Something of these, felt far off, makes to the present day for strangers the mysterious charm of the land. And strangely fitting to complete its character is the fatality which age after age in the pages of history has to race after race and cause after cause made the shadow of the northern hills mean doom.



CHILDREN WAITING TO BE ADMITTED TO THE DINNER AT BRIGHTON.

and ladies, as carvers and waiters, served these young guests with brisk activity, the Mayoress of Brighton sharing the agreeable task. The building was gaily decked with flags and garlands; music was supplied by the Police Band and the Telegraph Messengers' Band. We have much pleasure in giving illustrations of this happy public entertainment. Gifts of warm clothing, books and toys, were distributed to all the boys and girls as they went away. On the same afternoon, at three o'clock, 2500 other poor children of Brighton had a good tea, with two buns and a cake for each, in the Congress Hall of the Salvation Army; this was repeated on the next day. Brighton youngsters have made a good beginning of the year.

## NORTHWARDS.

For ages under the dark lift of the northern heavens there has lain a charm and a doom.

In days gone by, before Scotland was known by the name, the feet of the generations, race after race, in this island of ours, turned strangely towards the north. Drawn as if by some polar magnet, Celt and Roman, Saxon and Norman, each in turn pressed on against the Grampian wall. In the pages of history they are to be seen clearly, ever marching, marching northwards under a spell.

Scotland is full of memories of these—memories of bold ambitions and pursuing fate; and for their sakes a charm remains haunting the hollows of the quiet hills.

The traveller nearing the northern mountains to-day finds the historic mingling strangely with and enriching the natural charm. Few know the glens in winter; but in winter especially there is everywhere—about the russet, mist-hung woods and the forsaken fields, in the bracken-brown holms and along the lonely loch shores—an air of pensive sadness which accords peculiarly with the spirit of northern story. An afternoon's ramble then up the still, birch-purple passes of the mountains will reveal, to him who has senses to feel, more of the secret of Scotland's past than the reading of many books.

Heavy after the rains, the rivers come brawling down, a riot of foam among their mossy boulders, plunging resistless ever rocky ledges, and swirling darkly in deep peaty pools. Below, through the strath, the flood goes tumbling away under steading and farm, where, among the trees, the yellow thatch of the new corn-ricks stands pleasantly about the red-

NEW YEAR'S DINNER  
GIVEN TO POOR CHILDREN  
AT BRIGHTON.





LATE ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY—ON NEW YEAR'S DAY!



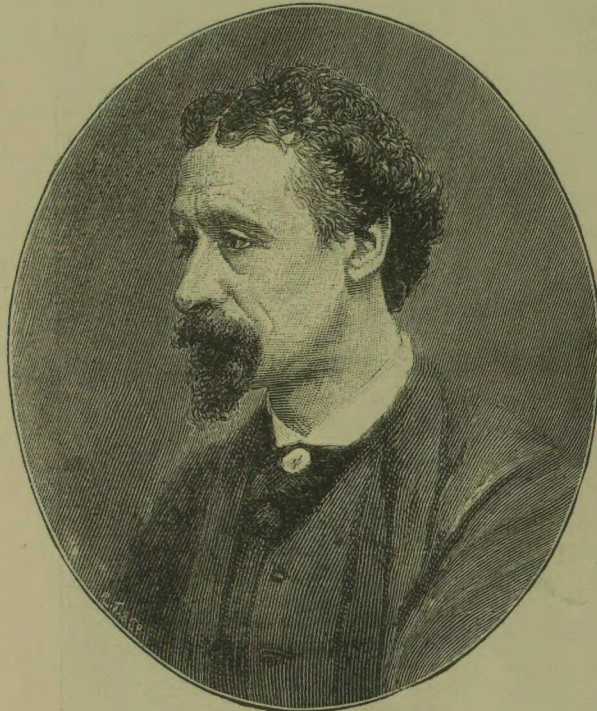
A COUNTRY RAILWAY STATION: NO TRAIN!

INCONVENIENCES OF THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN SCOTLAND.



## THE LATE CHARLES KEENE.

Those who can call to mind the old days of the Artists' Society in Clipstone-street, when J. D. Wingfield presided over the tea and coffee at the Friday night sketching meetings, will remember Charles Keene as a frequent, if not a constant, member of that Bohemian gathering. In one corner would be George Dodgson, working out a poetical landscape in charcoal; or T. L. Rowbotham doing ditto in water-colours; or perhaps there would be J. J. Jenkins, E. Duncan, and F. W. Topham gossiping over a cigar; or there would be H. C. Pidgeon and J. H. Mole reproducing some picturesque recollections of Wales or the Cumberland Lakes; while Charles Keene, if not at work, would be quietly smoking a short pipe alongside his friend Stewart; and then, when eleven o'clock came, the voice of Wingfield would summon the workers to show up their sketches. Then fast and furious grew the fun as the works were passed under review, and unstinted criticism



THE LATE CHARLES KEENE.

bestowed upon all. On the Friday night of the private view of the Royal Academy there would be a very strong muster, in the expectation that some favoured individual would be able to produce the Academy catalogue. When this happened there was a great rush to see whose works were "hung." The present writer remembers one occasion when a gentleman, who is now a prominent R.A., snatched the catalogue from his neighbour, and after examining it dashed it down in disgust, exclaiming, "Why, d—n it, I'm not in." After the sketching and the criticisms were all over on the Friday nights, perhaps J. D. Wingfield would propose that harmony should prevail—when various vocal efforts would be made, ranging from the heroic to the sentimental, the comic, and the bacchanalian. On one of these occasions Charles Keene was called on to oblige the company, and sang a song about a brave sea captain, and sang it in a quiet voice and subdued manner exactly suited to the sentiment of the song. It was here, in the Life School at the Artists' Society, in Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square, that Charles Keene received his only artistic training.

Mr. Keene was born at Hornsey in 1823, and was educated at the Grammar School, Ipswich. His mother was Miss Sparrow, who was of the family of that name, who for many years inhabited the picturesque dwelling known as the Ancient House, in the Butter Market of that town. On leaving school Mr. Keene entered the office of his father, a solicitor in Funnell's Inn. But his taste for art was stronger than his liking for the law, and he ultimately became the pupil of Messrs. Whymper, the well-known wood-engravers, under whose auspices several well-known artists commenced their artistic career—the late Frederick Walker being one. After leaving Messrs. Whymper, Mr. Keene became a contributor to several periodicals—notably the *Illustrated London News* and *Once a Week*. About the time he became connected with *Punch* his studio was a garret in an old house in the Strand opposite Norfolk-street. Here he worked, surrounded by his artistic properties—bits of old costume, rusty old swords, and iron gauntlets, and a wooden horse, lifesize, fully equipped with saddle and bridle—all covered with dust, for, like Scott's "Antiquary," the sanctum was never allowed to be cleaned up or "put to rights." From here Mr. Keene moved to a sculptor's shed adjoining the Life School of the Artists' Society, in Clipstone-street, where he had more room for his horse and other professional belongings. Then he went to Baker-street, and from there to a large studio in Chelsea. Here it was his daily habit to walk from his residence at Hammersmith, always smoking a short pipe.

Mr. Keene's principal contributions to *Punch* were collected and published, in 1881, under the title of "Our People." In some respects he resembles Leech, but in many things his work is much superior to Leech's. In some of his drawings there are the most delightful bits of rustic landscape. His country scenes are, perhaps, the very best things he did. Unlike Mr. Du Maurier, who finds his inspiration in drawing-room society, Mr. Keene is happiest among the lower and middle classes. No artist ever expressed more humour in a slight black-and-white sketch than Keene has done in many of his scenes of everyday life. His work was almost entirely confined to black and white, but if he had painted in water colour, he would, with his power of drawing and sense of humour, have been unsurpassed in his particular line.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

The Rev. A. Labelle, formerly parish priest of St. Jerome, died on Jan. 5. The deceased was born in 1834, at St. Roch, Quebec, and was the son of a shoemaker. He was the founder of national colonisation in Canada, and was latterly known as the "apostle of colonisation." In 1866 Father Labelle took the lead in raising men to repel the Fenian invasion, and later on he helped to promote the Canadian Pacific Railway. In consequence of his public services, the Hon. H. Mercier, the Premier, appointed him Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, which caused some trouble with his Bishop.

## THE CULTIVATION OF CRIME.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Dr. Anderson, an authority on the subject, has written an extremely suggestive article on the punishment of crime in one of the reviews. For me, however, the suggestiveness of this paper falls into one main line. As I turn each page, with its various comment on the many considerations comprised in the writer's theme, what I think of most is the encroachment of "feeling" in the domain of practical affairs. Sentiment was never quite unknown in those regions, and it ought never to be excluded; for it brings a light of its own with it wherever it appears. But it also brings heat—a heat that inflames many a capable mind to such a degree that vision becomes distorted, and judgment gives way to what the victim himself would call impatience, but a glorious impatience, partaking of the divine. And so it may be in some measure; and yet it may not fit a man to give the best advice or to form the soundest opinions on the actual conduct of affairs.

Now, though I hesitate to say so, it seems to me that there is too much of this in Dr. Anderson's paper, both when he criticises and when he counsels. His remarks on the "inequality of sentences" are scarcely more guarded than those of far more careless observers, who pronounce upon the inequality of this and that punishment after reading a couple of newspaper paragraphs. Unequal punishments there are, no doubt; and so there must be, as long as judges are allowed a limited but necessary discretion in fitting the penalty to the offence, and until their minds and moods operate in strict conformity. But does not an Assistant Commissioner of Police become injudiciously sarcastic when he says that while "crimes of special gravity would always need the costly and cumbersome procedure of trial," in all ordinary cases the accused, on admitting his guilt, might as well be "allowed at once to draw his sentence out of a lottery bag"? And is it not unjust as well as injudicious to ridicule the caprice or the ignorance of the Bench at that rate? Dr. Anderson should ask himself the question, and, having answered it as he needs must, send a penitential letter of correction to the editor of the *Contemporary Review*. If, at the same time, he will look for it, he will find some exaggeration to amend in what he has to say about the law's distinctions between vice and crime—exaggerations that might pass well enough in romantic newspaper-writing, but which cannot be harmless when they appear in the judgments of a high police official.

Dr. Anderson rightly says that "the duty of a legislature is to make vice criminal in so far as public policy permits or requires it"; but, in his opinion, "the neglect of this duty is responsible for many anomalies which disgrace English law." That may be true also; but the language in which he illustrates these anomalies—as in the case of drunkenness, and the authority of vicious parents over their children—is not what we should expect of a wise and learned reformer who understands that to make vice crime must be limited by public policy, or the general outcome of good and harm. "A man," says Dr. Anderson, "may get as drunk as gin can make him in any house in Blank-street, except No. 1. But if he gets drunk in No. 1 he is guilty of an offence, and may find himself in the lock-up forthwith. And the distinction is that No. 1 is a house specially provided by the State to supply him with the gin to get drunk with." If Dr. Anderson thinks this an "anomaly" that ought to be amended, his account of it should have been more accurate. But had it been accurate, the anomalous would have disappeared from it altogether. The man who gets drunk in No. 1 is not guilty of an offence till he becomes disorderly or incapable. Being disorderly or incapable, he becomes a public nuisance—a tavern being a public place; and there we find the difference between his case and that of the other gentleman. According to "the law-makers," it is desirable neither to leave the one drunkard unpunished as a public nuisance, nor to empower the police to enter any private house where a man is believed to be drunk, and carry him off on sufficient evidence of helpless intoxication. Whether the law-makers are right, anomaly or no anomaly, common-sense has little difficulty in determining.

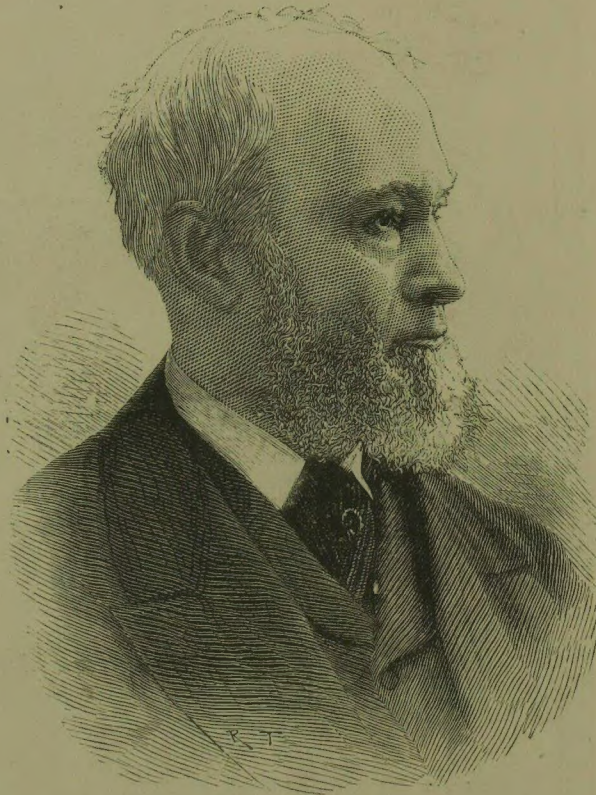
When Dr. Anderson recommends that special prisons should be provided for "novices in crime," we find ourselves more in sympathy with him. But when he adds to this advice the further counsel that "workshops should be provided in connection with such prisons, to which prisoners might pass at once on their discharge, there to find employment till they can be again merged in the wage-earning classes of the community," assent comes to a halt. It is indeed a new "view" that State workshops should be provided for all who engage the interest of the State by entering on a criminal career. Some young man being tempted by poverty to steal, the law is to strengthen the temptation; for, under this proposal, what if he happens to be found out? He will be rated, not as a thief, but as an object of solicitude for whom "a shop of work" should be found. If it be desirable to diminish the number of novices in crime (and Peace himself was once a novice), is this a hopeful way of setting about the business? And is it bettered by the suggestion that imprisonment should not be inflicted for first offences, especially if the offender can find "solvent householders willing to give good security" against a repetition of his misconduct? First offences are the first that are found out, be it remarked; and while we ask what of the poor devils of tempted ones who have no friends among solvent householders, we must not forget the natural effect of the advantage on those who do happen to possess it.

In short, it seems to me that some of Dr. Anderson's proposals might be labelled "Suggestions for extending the temptations of crime." But even such suggestions as these may be forgiven to an Assistant Commissioner of Police who forcibly draws attention to one of the worst misfortunes of society in England, if not its most stupid error also. What can be said for a system of punishment which constantly returns into the community its most inveterate and desperate criminals? Is not this the very way to create the distinct "criminal population" which becomes a greater and a graver danger as the poverty of the nation is drawn to its larger cities, the magnitude of which affords a shelter for criminal populations as well as a field of depredation? Every year, hundreds of "habitual criminals" are discharged from one prison or another into the community, with no chance (Dr. Anderson says with no desire) of turning to honest work, and none but criminal means of supporting a criminal consort and a brood of young ones who must needs follow the parental occupations, since all others are shut to them. It would be almost as reasonable to return into the population, periodically, every fever patient who may have been taken to the hospitals at intervening times. Dr. Anderson would put a stop to this most cruel and

most injurious absurdity by enacting that "if by persisting in a course of crime a man gives proof that his liberty is incompatible with the public weal, he shall be placed in a position of social tutelage," by which we are to understand, perhaps, that he shall lose all social rights, and remain for the rest of his life a slave in some Government factory. I, for one, have no objection to this proposal on grounds of principle; and though some difficulties would arise in carrying it out, and no inconsiderable difficulties either, yet it would be preferable, I think, to put up with them than to go on with the desperately pernicious system which Dr. Anderson attacks. But is there really no other and better way? One sentence in the Assistant Commissioner's paper supports a suggestion which would have been worthless half a dozen years ago, and perhaps is so still; and yet it may be ventured. Dr. Anderson says "that transportation was a success, because it ensured perpetual banishment." It was a success for other reasons. It gave the criminal a chance of leading an honest life when his punishment was over, in a country where there were easier means of prosperity than stealing; and it gave a still better chance to his children, if he happened to have any. Transportation was stopped because the colonies to which criminals were sent would have no more of them; and where else could they be sent? I wonder if it is possible to answer that question nowadays by pointing to certain places in Africa which are said to be healthy enough for Europeans to live in, and abounding in the means of prosperity? Is there anything in that suggestion to relieve this country of a system of punishments by which crime is cultivated and criminal populations are created by the State itself?

## THE LATE MR. J. L. LATEY.

This Journal, approaching within two years the period of a half-century from its commencement, may have established with some of its old subscribers and readers the feeling of long friendship which excuses, in published print, an expression of personal sorrow. The oldest surviving member of its staff, after forty-eight years of uninterrupted service, resigned his post at Christmas, was taken ill on New Year's Day, and died on Tuesday morning, Jan. 6, in the eighty-third year of his age. Mr. John Lash Latey had been literary editor of the *Illustrated London News* since January 1858, having been connected with it since its beginning in 1842. We are not aware of any instance of so long-continued a service in the same department of one London newspaper or periodical, though other journalists have worked as long, with greater variety of occupation, as editors or assistant editors, reviewers, reporters, or special correspondents, contributing to different papers. Constancy, an essential characteristic of his moral nature, personal attachment to those for whom and those with whom he laboured, and a sense of completely identifying his whole industry with the journal whose progress, thus from its very beginning, he witnessed and aided in the working interior of its office, not less than an absolute indifference to the kind of social distinction that may be won by ostentatious literary efforts, induced Mr. Latey to abide at his post, seeking no other publication for the fruits of his thought and study. It was evident, however, to those with whom he freely conversed, including many accomplished writers and critics of literature, that his ripe and sound judgment, his correct taste, and his well-stored memory, and observation of contemporary affairs from a time before the first Reform Bill—he then wrote a treatise on the Ballot, which gained him favour with Dr. Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*—would have qualified him for more conspicuous political or literary journalism, if he had entertained that ambition. During the latter part of his life, beyond incessant care and performance of the ordinary editorial duties, his predilection for English poetry, especially idyllic and lyrical, with which he had an extensive acquaintance, was often indulged. He composed many short pieces



THE LATE MR. J. L. LATEY.

of original verse, always genial and cordial in sentiment, graceful in expression, and delightful in their unstudied strain of melody, which usually appeared with his signature in our Christmas Numbers. It is to be hoped that these may be collected and reprinted. We shall not here dwell on Mr. Latey's virtues as a colleague and companion of those, all his juniors more or less, who have shared with him the weekly task of preparing the *Illustrated London News*; nor is it needful to describe what intimate friends have long known of a domestic life as pure and sweet as ever fell to the lot of a husband and father, yet saddened by a singular family affliction, nobly borne, indeed, by him and his two daughters, for many years past. A good man, a gentle, true, affectionate, tender heart, ceased to live among us at his decease. But the record of such merits is in heaven: all that need here be said is that he was steadfast in the duties of life in this world. He was born at Tiverton, in Devonshire, on June 14, 1808, was educated at Blundell's Grammar School there, and lived some years at Barnstaple, whence he came to London.



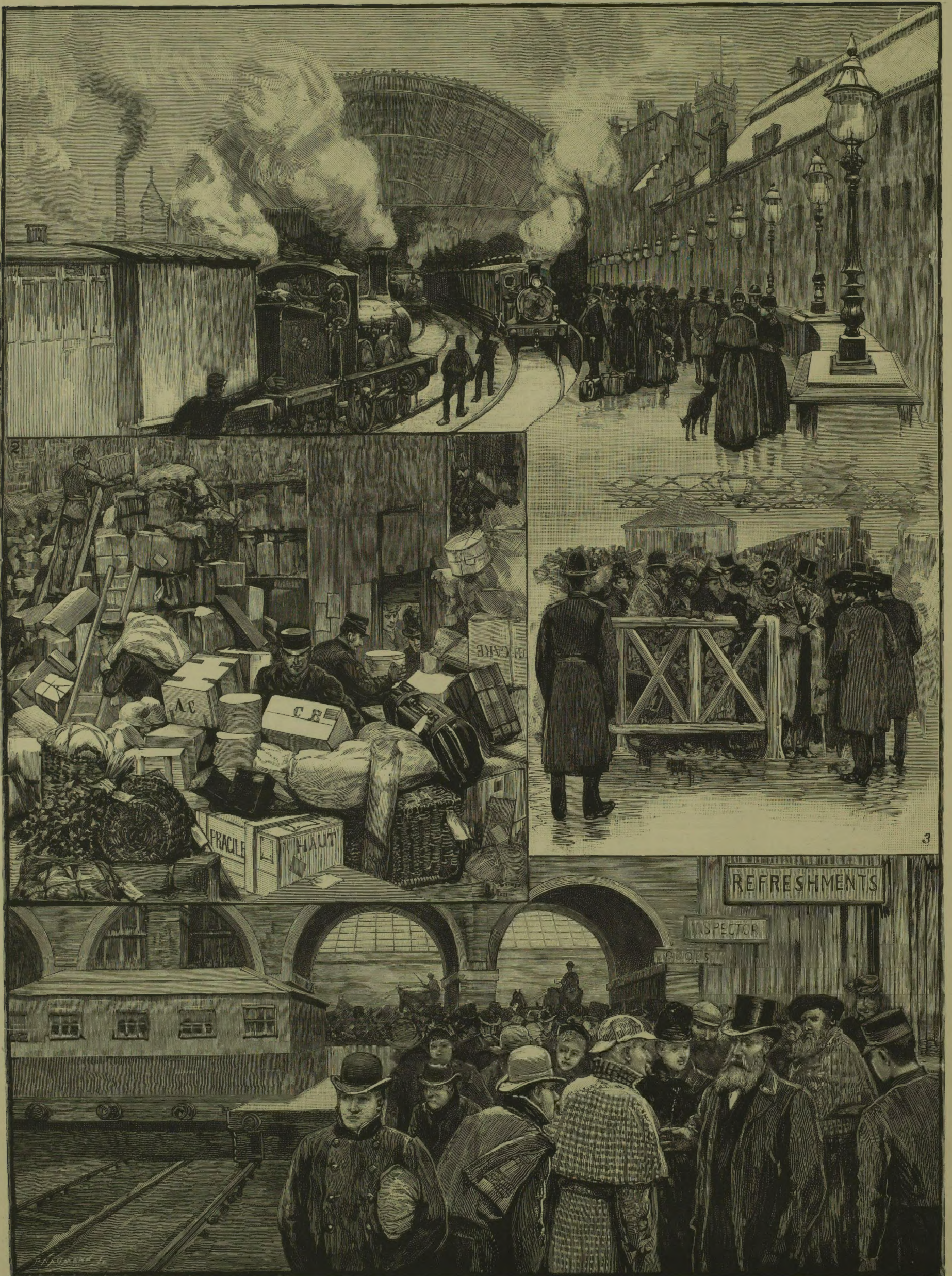


1. German Almanack, bound in silver, which belonged to George III.; lent by Miss Buzzard.
2. Collar, Riband, Cross, and Star of the Order of the Guelphs of Hanover.
- 2A. Star of the Order of the Guelphs which belonged to the late Duke of Cambridge; lent by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.
3. Setting of the Crown of George IV.; lent by W. A. Tyssen Amherst, Esq., M.P.
4. One of a pair of Blue Shoes, embroidered silk with buckles, of the last century; lent by J. E. Collingwood, Esq.
5. The Duchess of York's Shoe; lent by W. R. Harcourt Gwyn, Esq.
6. Coronation Chair and Stool of George III.; lent by Count Kielmansegg.

7. Chair worked by the Electress Sophia of Hanover, mother of George I.; lent by Count Kielmansegg.
8. Large shell-shaped Cake Basket, elaborately pierced, the handle formed by a female figure; lent by Asher Wertheimer, Esq.
9. Dr. Johnson's Writing Desk; lent by the Masters and Fellows of Pembroke College, Oxford.
10. One of a pair of tall Silver Corinthian Column Candlesticks, with removable nozzles, first introduced at this period, Hall mark 1758; lent by Hubert Dynes Ellis, Esq.
11. Lambeth Plate, inscribed "God Save King George, 1715"; lent by John Evans, Esq., P.S.A.
12. A large Punch Glass engraved with the name of "Nelson" and the date—1806—of Nelson's funeral; lent by Miss Fortnum.

13. Robert Burns's Tumbler, with verses cut by him with a diamond on the sides.
14. Blotting Book, taken from the carriage of Napoleon I. at Waterloo; lent by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.
15. Travelling Clock, from Napoleon's carriage at Waterloo; lent by Henry H. P. Cotton, Esq.
16. The Hanger with which Lord Byron slew Mr. Chaworth; lent by the Rev. T. E. Walley.
17. Beau Brummel's Sword; lent by the Corporation of Nottingham.
18. Sword worn by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo; lent by the Duke of Wellington.
19. Teapot used by the Duke of Wellington during his campaigns; lent by W. R. Harcourt Gwyn, Esq.





1. Passengers at St. Enoch Station awaiting transit to the South.

3. Temporary Barricade at Queen-street Station to check crowd and keep out pickets.

2. Delayed Luggage and Parcels at Queen-street Station.

4. Scene at the Central Station: Excursionists for the South.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"The life-boat bell!" I shouted, catching a note or two of the summons that came swinging along with the wind.

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A NIGHT OF STORM.

I overhung the rail of the pier looking down upon the heads of the breakers as they dissolved in white water amid the black and slimy supporters of the structure, and sending a glance from time to time towards the northern headland out of which, I gathered from the men about me, the ship would presently draw, though no one could certainly say as yet that she was bound for our bay, spite of her heading direct in for the land. A half-hour passed, and then she showed: her bowsprit and jibbooms came forking out past the chocolate-coloured height of cliff, and the suddenness of this presentment of white wings of jibs and staytail caused the canvas to look ghastly for the moment against the dark and drooping smoke-coloured sky that overhung the sea where she was—as ghastly, I say, as the gleam of froth is when seen at midnight, or a glance of moonshine dropping spear-like through a rift and making a little pool of light in the midst of a black ocean.

I watched her with curiosity. She was something less than three miles distant, and she drew out very stately under a full breast of sail, rolling her three spires—the two foremost of which were clothed to the trucks—with the majesty of a war-ship. We might now make sure that she was bound for the bay and meant to bring up. The air was still a very light wind, which made a continuous wonder of the muteness of the storm-shadow that was overhead; and the vessel, which we might now see, was a barque of six hundred tons or thereabouts, floated into the bay very slowly. Her canvas swung as she rolled, and made a hurry of light of her, and one saw the glint of the sails broaden in the brows of the swell which chased and underlaid her, so reflective was the water, spite of the small wrinkling of it by the weak draught.

"A furriner," said a man near me.

"Ay," said I, examining her through a small but powerful pocket telescope; "that green caboose doesn't belong to an Englishman. She's hoisting her colour! Now I have it—a Dane!"

"What does she want to come here for?" exclaimed another of the little knot of men who had gathered about me. "Something wrong, I allow."

"Master drunk, per'aps," said a third.

"He'll be making a lee shore of our ugly bit of coast if it comes on to blow from the west'ard, and if not from there, then where else it's coming from who's going to guess?" exclaimed a gruff old fellow peering at the vessel under a shaggy, contracted brow.

"Her captain may have a trick of the weather above our comprehension," said I. "If the gale's to come out of the north he'll do well where he lets go his anchor; but if it's to be the other way about—well, I suppose some of our chaps will advise him. Maybe he has been tempted by the look of the bay; or he may have a sick or a dead man to land." "Perhaps he has a mind to vind us a job to-night, zur," said one of my life-boat's men.

We continued watching. Presently she began to shorten sail, and the leisurely manner in which the canvas was first clewed up and then rolled up was assurance enough to a nautical eye that she was not overmanned. I could distinguish the figure of a short, squarely framed man, apparently giving orders from the top of a long house aft, and I could make out the figure of another man, seemingly young, flitting to and fro with a manner of idle restlessness, though at intervals he would pause and sweep the town and foreshore with his telescope.

About this time five men launched a swift powerful boat of a whaling pattern off the sand on to which it had been dragged that morning, far beyond high-water mark. They ran the little fabric over a line of well-greased planks or skids, and sprang into her as her bow met the first roll of water, and in a breath their oars were out and they were sweeping the boat towards the barque, making the spray spit from the stem to the herculean sweep of the blades. She was a boat that was mainly used for these errands—for putting help aboard ships which wanted it—for taking pilots off and bringing them ashore, and the like. So slow was the motion of the barque that she was still floating into the bay with her anchors at the catheads, and a few heads of men along the yards furling the lighter canvas, when the boat dashed alongside of her. When the stranger was about a mile and a half distant from the point of pier which I watched her from, she let go her topsail halliards—she carried single sails—and a few minutes later her anchor fell, and she swung slowly, with her head to the swell and the light wind.

Scarcely was she straining to the scope of cable that had been paid out when the boat which had gone to her left her side. The men rowed leisurely; one could tell by the rise and fall of the oars that their errand had proved a disappointment, that there was nothing to be earned, nothing to be done, neither help nor counsel wanted. I walked down to that part of the sands where she would come ashore, but had to wait until her crew had walked her up out of the water before I could get any news. Our town was so dull, our habits of thought so primitive as to be almost childlike—the bay for long spells at a time so barren of all interests that the arrival of a vessel, if it were not a smack or a collier, excited the same sort of curiosity among us as a new comer raises in a little village. A ship bringing up in the bay was something to look at, something to speculate upon; and then, again, there was always the expectation among the longshoremen of earning a few pounds out of her.

I called to one of the crew of the boat after she had been secured high and dry, and asked him the name of the vessel.

"The Anine," says he.

"What's wrong with her?" said I.

"Nothing but fear of the weather, I allow," said he: "she's from Cuxhaven, bound to Party Alleggy, or some such a hole away down in the Brazils."

"Porto Alegre, is it?" said I.

"Ay," he answered, "that zounds nearer to the name that vur given to us. She's got a general cargo aboard. The master's laid up in the cabin; the chief mate broke un's leg

off Texel, and they zent him into Portsmouth aboard of a zmack. The chap in charge calls himself Damm. I onderstood he's carpenter acting as zeccond mate. But who's to follow such a lingo as he talks?"

"He's brought up here with the master's sanction, I suppose?"

"Can't tell you that," he answered, "for I don't know. 'Pears to me as if this here traverse was Mr. Damm's own working out. He's got a cross-eye, and I don't rightly like his looks. He pointed aloft and zhook his head, and made us understand that he was here for zhelter. Jimmy," meaning one of the boat's crew, "pointed to the Twins, and Mr. Damm he grins and says, 'Yaw, yaw, dot's right!'"

"But if he's bound to the Brazils," I said, "how does it happen that he is on this side the Land's End? Porto Alegre isn't in Wales."

Here another of the boat's crew who had joined us said, "I understood from a man who spoke a bit of English that they was bound round to Swansea, but what to take in, atop of a general cargo, I can't say."

The sailors aboard the vessel were now slowly rolling the canvas upon the yards. She was a wall-sided vessel, with a white figure-head and a square stern, and she pitched so heavily upon the swell sweeping to her bows that one could not but wonder how it would be with her when it came on to blow in earnest, with such a sea as the Atlantic in wrath threw into this rock-framed bight of coast. She rolled as regularly as she curtseyed, and gave us a view of a band of new metal sheathing that rose with a dull rusty gleam out of the water, as though to some swift vanishing touch of stormy sunlight. The white lines of her furling canvas, with the delicate interlacy of shrouds and running-gear, the fine fibres of her slender mastheads with a red spot of dog-vane at the mizzen-mast—the whole body of the vessel, in a word, stood out with an exquisite clearness that made the heaving fabric resemble a choicely wrought toy upon the dark tempestuous green which went rising and falling past her, and against the low and menacing frown of the sky beyond her.

A deeper shadow seemed to have entered the atmosphere since she let go her anchor. Away down upon her port quarter the foam was leaping upon the black Twins and the larger Rock beyond, and the round of the bay was sharply marked by the surf twisting in a wool-white curve from one point to another, but gathering a brighter whiteness as it stretched towards those extremities of the land which breasted the deeper waters and the larger swell.

The clock of St. Saviour's Church chimed five—tea-time; and as I turned to make my way home two bells were struck aboard the barque, and the light inshore wind brought in the distant tones upon the ear with a fairy daintiness of faint music that corresponded to perfection with the toylike appearance of the vessel. One of the crew of the boat accompanied me a short distance on his way to his own humble cottage in Swim-lane.

"If that Dutchman," said he—and by "Dutchman" he meant Dane, for this word covers all the Scandinavian nations in Jack's language—"if that Dutchman, Mr. Tregarthen,



knows what's good for him, he'll up anchor and 'ratch' out afore it's too late."

"Did you see the captain?"

"No, Sir. He's in his cabin, badly laid up."

"I thought I made out two men on top of the deck-house who seemed in command—one the captain, and the other the mate, as I supposed."

"No, Sir; the capt'n's below. One of them two men you saw was the carpenter, Damm; t'other was a boy—a passenger he looked like, though dressed as a sailor man. I didn't hear him give any orders, though his eyes seemed everywhere, and he looked to know exactly what was going forward. A likelier-looking lad I never see. Capt'n's son, I dare say."

"Well," said I, sending a glance above and around, "spite of drunken old Isaac and his prediction of 'aithquakes,' as he calls them, it's as likely as not, to my mind, that all this gloom will end as it began—in quietude."

The man, one of the most intelligent of our 'longshoremen, shook his head.

"The barometer don't tell lies, Sir," said he; "the drop's been too slow and regular to signify nothing. I've known a gale o' wind to bust after taking two days to look at the ocean with his breath sucked in, as he do now. This here long quietude's the worst part, and—Smother me! Mr. Tregarthen," said he, halting and turning his face seawards, "if the draught that was just now blowing ain't gone!"

It was as he had said. The light breathing of air had died out, and the swell was rolling in, burnished as liquid glass.

This day-long extraordinary pause in the most menacing aspect of weather that I had ever heard of—and never in my time had I seen the like of it—seemed to communicate its own quality of breathless suspense to every living object my eye rested upon. The very dogs seemed to move with a cowed manner, as though fresh from a whipping. There was no alacrity; little movement, indeed, anywhere visible. Men hung about in small groups and conversed quietly, as though some trouble that had affected the whole community was upon them. The air trembled with the noise of the breaking surf, and there was a note in its voice, sounding as it did out of the unnatural dark hush upon sea and land, that constrained the attention to it as to something new and even alarming. A tradesman, with his apron on and without a hat, would come to his shop door and look about him uneasily, and perhaps have a word with a customer as he entered before going round to the counter and serving him. The gulls flew close inshore and screamed harshly. Here and there, framed in a darkling pane of window, you would see an old face peering at the weather and pale in the shadow.

I found my mother a good deal troubled by the appearance of the ship. She asked, with a pettishness I had seldom witnessed in her, "What does she want? Why does she come here? Do they court destruction?"

I told her all that I had learnt about the vessel.

"There was no occasion for them to come here," she said. "Your dear father would have told you that the more distant a ship is upon the ocean in violent weather the safer she is; and here now come the foolish Danes to nestle among rocks and to sneer at the advice our people give them, with the sky looking more threatening than ever I can remember it. Who could have patience with such folk?" she cried, pouring out the tea with an air of distraction and an agitated hand. "If there were no such sailors as they at sea, I am sure there would be no need for life-boats, and brave fellows would not have to risk their lives, and perhaps leave their wives and little children to starve, to assist people whose stupidity renders them almost unfit to be rescued."

"Why, mother," cried I, "this is not how you are accustomed to talk about such things."

"I am depressed," she answered—"my spirits have taken their colour from the day. A most melancholy heavy day indeed! Hark, my dear! Is not that the sound of wind?"

She looked eagerly, straining her hearing.

"Yes," said I, "it is the wind come at last, mother," catching, at the instant of her speaking, the hollow groaning, in the chimney, of a sudden gust of wind flying over the house-top. "From which quarter does it blow? I must find out!"

I ran to the house-door, and as I opened it the wind blew with the sweep of a sudden squall right out of the darkness upon the ocean. It filled the house, and such was the weight of it that I drove the door to with difficulty. It was but a quarter before six, but the shadow of the night had entered to deepen the shadow of the storm, and it was already as dark as midnight. I went to the window and parted the curtains to take a view of the bay, but the panes of glass were made a sort of mirror of by the black atmosphere without, and when I looked they gave me back my own countenance, darkly gleaming, and the reflection of objects in the room—the lamp with its green shade upon the table, the sparkle of the silver and the china of the tea-things, and my mother's figure beyond. Yet, by peering, I managed to distinguish the speck of yellow lustre that denoted the riding light of the Danish barque—the lantern, I mean, that is hung upon a ship's fore-stay when she lies at anchor; otherwise, it was like looking down into a well. Nothing, save the flash of the near foam tumbling upon the beach right abreast of the house, was to be seen.

"Which way does the wind come, Hugh?" called my mother.

"From the westward, with a touch of south in it, too, right dead inshore. It is as I have been expecting all day."

That night of tempest began in gusts and squalls, with lulls between which were not a little deceptive, since they made one think that the wind was gone for good, though while the belief was growing there would come another shrieking outburst and a low roaring in the chimney, and such a shrill and doleful whistling in the casements which there was no art in carpentry to hermetically seal against the winds of that wild, rugged western coast, as might have made one imagine the air to be filled with the ghosts of departed boat-swains plying their silver pipes as they sped onwards in the race of black air.

Somewhere before seven o'clock it had settled into a gale, that was slowly but obstinately gathering in power, as I might know by the gradually raised notes in the humming it made and by the ever-deepening thunder of warring billows rushing into breakers and bursting upon sand and crag. It came along in a furious play of wet, too, at times; the rain lashed the windows like small shot, and twice there was a brilliant flash of lightning that seemed spiral and crimsoned; but, if thunder followed, it was lost in the uproar of the wind. It was a night to "stand by," as a sailor would say; at any moment a summons might come, and while that weather held, I knew there must be no sleep for me. It would have been all the same, indeed, barque or no barque, for this was a night to make a very hell of the waters along our line of coast; there was not another life-boat station within twenty-five miles, and, even had the bay been empty, as I say, yet, as coxswain of the boat, I must have held myself ready for a call—ready for the notes of the bell summoning us to the rescue of a vessel that had been blown out of the sea into the bay—ready for a

breathless appeal for help from some mounted messenger dispatched by the coastguards miles distant to tell me that there was a ship stranded and that all hands must perish if we did not hurry to her.

My mother sat silent, with her face rendered austere by anxiety. It was about eight o'clock, when someone knocked hurriedly at the door. I ran out, being too eager to await the arrival of the servant; but, instead of some rough figure of a boatman which I had expected to see, in swept Mr. Trembath, who was carried by the violence of the wind several feet along the passage before he could bring himself up. I put my shoulder to the door, but believed I should have had to call for help to close it, so desperate was the resistance.

"What a night! What a night!" cried the clergyman. "What is the news? You will not tell me, Tregarthen, that the ship yonder is going to hold her own against this wind and the sea that is running?"

"Pray step in," said I. "You are plucky to show your face to it!"

"Oh, tut!" he cried; "it is not for a clergyman any more than for a seaman to be afraid of weather. I fear there'll be a call for you, Tregarthen—I thought I would look round—I have finished my sermon for to-morrow morning"—and thus talking in a disjointed way while he pulled off his top-coat, he entered the parlour.

After warming himself and exchanging a few sentences with my mother about the weather, he began to talk again about the barque.

"Hark to that, now!" he cried, as the wind struck the front of the house with a crash that had something of the weight of a great sea in the sound of it, while you heard it in a roar of thunder overhead, charged always with an echo of pouring waters: "what chain cables wrought by mortal skill are going to hold a vessel in the eye of all this?"

"What business have they to come here?" cried my mother.

"I met young Beckerley just now," continued Mr. Trembath, "and he tells me that there's some talk among our men of there having been a mutiny aboard that Dane."

"Nothing was said to me about that," I rejoined.

"Beckerley was in the boat's crew that boarded her," he went on. "Probably he imagined a mutiny—misinterpreted a gloomy look among the Danes into an air of revolt. Any way, nothing short of a mutiny should justify a master in anchoring in such a roadstead as this in the face of the ugliest sky I ever saw in my life."

"They told me the master was below, ill and helpless," said I.

He went to the window and parted the curtains to peer through, but the wet ran down the glass, and it was like straining the gaze against a wall of ebony.

"You see," he continued, coming back to his chair, "the vessel has those deadly rocks right under her stern, and even if her cables don't part it is impossible to suppose that she will not drag and be on to them in the blackness, perhaps without her people guessing at her neighbourhood until she touches—and then God help them!"

"I suppose Pentreath," exclaimed my mother, naming the second coxswain of the life-boat, "is keeping a look-out?"

"We need not doubt it," I answered. "As to her dragging," said I, addressing Mr. Trembath, "the Danes are as good sailors as the English, and understand their business; and, mutiny or no mutiny, those fellows down there are not going to take whatever may come without a shrewd guess at it, and outcry enough when it happens. They'll know fast enough if their vessel is dragging; then a flare will follow, and out we shall have to go, of course."

"We!" said he, significantly, looking from me to my mother. "You'll not venture to-night, I hope, Tregarthen."

"If the call comes, most certainly I shall," said I, flushing up, but without venturing to send a glance at my mother. "I have appointed myself captain of my men, and is it for me, of all my boat's crew, to shirk my duty in an hour of extremity? Let such a thing happen, and I vow to Heaven I could not show my face in Tintrenale again."

Mr. Trembath seemed a little abashed.

"I respect and admire your theory of dutifulness," said he; "but you are not an old hand—you are no seasoned boatman in the sense I have in my mind when I think of others of your crew. Listen to this wind! It blows a hurricane, Hugh," he exclaimed gently; "you may have the heart of a lion; but have you the skill—the experience"—He halted, looking at my mother.

"If the call comes I will go," said I, feeling that he reasoned only for my mother's sake, and that in secret his sympathies were with me.

"If the call comes, Hugh must go," said my mother. "God will shield him. He looks down upon no nobler work done in this world, none that can better merit His blessing and His countenance."

Mr. Trembath bowed his head in a heartfelt gesture.

"Yet I hope no call will be made," she went on. "I am a mother"—her voice faltered, but she rallied, and said with courage and strength and dignity, "Yes, I am Hugh's mother. I know what to expect from him, and that whatever his duty may be he will do it." Yet in saying this she pressed both her hands to her heart, as though the mere utterance of the words came near to breaking it.

I stepped to her side and kissed her. "But the call has not yet come, mother," said I. "The vessel's anchors may hold bravely, and then, again, the long dark warning of the day will have kept the coast clear of ships."

To this she made no reply, and I resumed my seat, gladdened to the very heart by her willingness that I should go if a summons came, albeit extorted from her love by perception of my duty; for had she been reluctant, had she refused her consent indeed, it must have been all the same. I should go whether or not, but in that case with a heavy heart, with a feeling of rebellion against her wishes that would have taken a deal of spirit out of me, and mingled a sense of disobedience with what I knew to be my duty and good in the sight of God and man.

I saw that it comforted my mother to have Mr. Trembath with her, and when he offered to go I begged him to stop and sup with us, and he consented. It was not a time when conversation would flow very easily. The noise of the gale alone was subduing enough, and to this was to be added the restlessness of expectation, the conviction in my own heart that sooner or later the call must come; and every moment that I talked—putting on the cheerfulness I could assume—I was waiting for it. I constantly went to the window to look out, guessing that if they burnt a flare aboard the barque the torch-like flame of it would show through the weeping glass; and shortly before supper was served—that is to say, within a few minutes of nine o'clock—I left the parlour, and going to a room at the extremity of the passage, where I kept my sea-going clothes, I pulled on a pair of stout fisherman's stockings, and over them the sea-boots I always wore when I went in the life-boat. I then brought away my monkey-jacket and oil-skins and sou'-wester, and hung them in the passage ready to snatch at; for a summons to man the boat always meant hurry—there was no time for hunting: indeed, if the call

found the men in bed, their custom was to dress themselves as they ran.

Thus prepared, I returned to the parlour. Mr. Trembath ran his eye over me, but my mother apparently took no notice. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate. The table was hospitable with damask and crystal; the play of the flames set the shadows dancing upon the ceiling that lay in the gloom of the shade over the lamp. There was something in the figure of my old mother, with her white hair and black silk gown and antique gold chain about her neck, that wonderfully fitted that homely interior, warm with the hues of the coal-fire and cheerful with pictures and with several curiosities of shield and spear, of stuffed bird and Chinese ivory ornament gathered together by my father in the course of many voyages.

Mr. Trembath looked a plump and rosy and comfortable man as he took his seat at the table, yet there was an expression of sympathetic anxiety upon his face, and frequently I would catch him quietly hearkening, and then he would turn involuntarily to the curtained window, so that it was easy to see in what direction his thoughts went.

"One had need to build strongly in this part of the country," said he, as we exchanged glances at the sound of a sudden driving roar of wind—a squall of wet of almost hurricane power—to which the immensely strong fabric of our house trembled as though a heavy battery of cannon were being dragged along the open road opposite, "for, upon my word, Hugh," said he—we were old friends, and he would as often as not give me my Christian name—"if the Dane hasn't begun to drag as yet, there should be good hope of her holding on throughout what may still be coming. Surely, for two hours now past her ground tackle must have been very heavily tested."

"My prayer is," said I, "that the wind may chop round and blow off shore. They'll have the sense to slip then, I hope, and make for the safety of wide waters, with an amid-ship helm."

"He is his father's son," said Mr. Trembath, smiling at my mother. "An amidship helm! It is as a sailor would put it. You should have been a sailor, Tregarthen."

My mother gently shook her head, and then for some while we ate in silence, the three of us feigning to look as though we thought of anything else rather than of the storm that was raging without, and of the barque labouring to her cables in the black heart of it.

On a sudden Mr. Trembath let fall his knife and fork.

"Hist!" he cried, half rising from his chair.

"The life-boat bell!" I shouted, catching a note or two of the summons that came swinging along with the wind.

"Oh, Hugh!" shrieked my mother, clasping her hands. "God keep your dear heart up!" I cried.

I sprang to her side and kissed her, wrung the outstretched hand of Mr. Trembath, and in a minute was plunging into my peacoat and oilskins. The instant I was out of the house I could hear the fast—I may say the furious—tolling of the life-boat bell, and sending one glance at the bay, though I seemed almost blinded, and in a manner dazed by the sudden rage of the gale and its burthen of spray and rain against my face, I could distinguish the wavering, flickering yellow light of a flare-up down away in that part of the waters where the Twins and the Deadlow Rook would be terribly close at hand. But I allowed myself no time to look beyond this hasty glance. Mr. Trembath helped me by thrusting, to pull the house-door after me, for of my own strength I never could have done it, and then I took to my heels and drove as best I might headlong through the living wall of wind, scarcely able to fetch a breath, reeling to the terrific outflies, yet staggering on.

The gas-flames in the few lamps along the sea-front were wildly dancing, their glazed frames rattled furiously, and I remember noticing, even in that moment of excitement, that one of the lampposts which stood a few yards away from our house had been arched by the wind as though it were a curve of leaden pipe. The two or three shops which faced the sea had their shutters up to save the windows, and the blackness of the night seemed to be rather heightened than diminished by the dim and leaping glares of the street lights. But as I neared the life-boat house my vision was somewhat assisted by the whiteness of the foam boiling in thunder a long space out. It flung a dim, elusive, ghostly illumination of its own upon the air. I could see the outline of the boat-house against it, the shapes of men writhing, as it seemed, upon the slipway; the figure of the boat herself, which had already been eased by her own length out of the house; and I could even discern, by the aid of that wonderful light of froth, that most of or all her crew were already in her, and that they were stepping her mast, which the roof of the house would not suffer her to keep aloft when she was under shelter.

"Here's the cox'n!" shouted a voice. "All right, men!" I roared, and with that I rushed through the door of the house, and, in a bound or two, gained the interior of the boat and my station on the after-grating.

(To be continued.)

#### TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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## THE COUNTRY IN WHITE.

The sun went down on New Year's Eve on a white frost-bound land, where the only variations of colour were supplied by the slowly moving clouds, to a background of light washy-blue sky. These clouds, now touched with gold tints, now with salmon, would now and again find rare reflections on a level stretch of snow-coloured upland; and as the shadows grew longer the purple-brown belts of woodland that closed in the horizon would take a darker hue. At night, to the homeward-bound traveller, the lights from mill and homestead would shine red against the snow, and very ghostly would look the patches that lay full in the moonlight. Yet this still country has been full of a certain quiet life. The print of rabbits' feet is everywhere. They run in regular highways from their burrows, by hedge and plantain, to the feeding-grounds, where the frozen swedes bear the dents of their sharp teeth. So does the bark of the thorn bushes, which is scraped clean several feet up the trunk; for the rabbits fatten on the wood in some mysterious fashion, and will climb up a comfortable fork and munch away in the moonlight. There, under the hedge, or snugly bedded in snow-holes, couch the partridges, breast to breast for warmth—a pretty picture, which now and then in a lifetime you may see for yourselves.

The keen edge of sport, however, is over. Partridges rise thin; the keeper is jealous of his pheasants; and even the rabbits will not stir from their holes, for all the ferrets can do. When they are moved, they offer an easy mark to the gun, hopping lazily from one burrow-mouth to another. By the innumerable tracks of the rabbits' feet are the rarer marks of the pheasants in the snow, where they make a thin spur-like track. The hard weather has had one other novel effect in driving all kinds of wildfowl inland. A flight of seagulls has been seen wheeling round Norwich Cathedral, twenty miles inland. The wild duck are plentiful in the "drains" by the marshes, and are to be found in clamorous flight over the Norfolk broads, where the skates ring clear, and the skater can open his coat and sail at dizzy speed, along nearly the whole length of Wroxham Broad, the beautiful stretch of water where in the swept tracks of black ice you may skate yourself into a dreamland of lonely fancy. Had it not been for the snowfalls, this winter would have been the paradise of skaters. As it is, the ice, save in certain cherished patches, is rough. The old amateurs tell you that the finer kind of figure-skating is going out, and that all the young men care to do is to "run" ahead, at their own peril and that of others. Certain it is that you no longer witness the hurdle-jumping feats which were common on the Norfolk broads and rivers a couple of generations ago. As for the birds that haunt these lovely lakes, some of the rarer specimens appear to have returned with the lengthened frost. The taxidermists at Norwich have been at work on golden bitterns, a brace of eider-king ducks, and other varieties. To the sportsman who cares nothing for these niceties, but who has the love of this strange white country in his heart, it will be a pleasure to prow under the stars, along the marshes, and start a snipe or a wild duck from the drains. And if he stop the former in its quick zigzag flight, he may count himself a skilled and not an unfortunate man.

The human setting to this animal life is not so unsatisfactory as might be imagined. Most observers agree that the East Anglian labourer is fairly well off. His wages are now at a minimum of 12s. a week for about seven hours' work, but the yearly wages, counting the allowances for turnip-hoeing, haysel, and harvest, bring the average up to about 18s. Food, of course, was never so cheap, a cottage and garden may be had from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a week, and clothing is abundant and of fairly good quality. The railways have created new tastes, among them a perfect passion for travelling. The old type of labourer, who lived and died in his parish, is fast disappearing. Journeys (always by rail if possible) to the nearest town on great social occasions, and even to London for an exhibition, are common. The old people share in this modern craving for change, and astonish the more conservative gentry by it. The old order changeth, giving place to new. Hodge is no longer the reverent, submissive being of other days. He cares nothing for the farmer—who, by the way, is generally set against allotments, fearing that he will get less work out of his hands when the "magic of property" begins to work; little for the clergy, where, indeed, he has not a positive aversion; while the squire—who is as often as not a *nouveau riche*—is outside his sphere altogether. Where the "parson" is an autocrat, genial but firm, he still exercises great sway, especially over the women, and to his influence is often to be traced much of the higher *morale* which has lifted the labourer up to his present plane, and made him a more formidable, if a less picturesque, factor in rural economy. Thus, a generation or two ago, the sale of laudanum was frequent in Norfolk. The mothers gave it to their babies to keep them quiet while they were at work. Now and then a baby died. A good parson insisted on an inquest, and gradually the sale of convenient poison has been put under restrictions. The social improvement has made some material changes in the homes of the people. The furniture is neat; the pin-cushions on the toilet-tables are in pretty patterns, and the wash-stand is duly covered with a "petticoat." I can name a village of 450 souls in which there are twenty-three pianos, only three of which belong to the gentry proper. But the sombre background to this steadily improving existence remains the same. The poor man still ends his days in the poor-house. Now and then good fortune saves the worn-out toiler for a better end. Old Mr. Scott died nineteen years ago, aged seventy-four. His wife was a year older. "Sarah Scott, I have saved a pound or two; I wish you to keep off the parish till you die, which will be in about four years." "Very well, Scott," said Sarah, resignedly. She is alive now, a hale old woman of ninety-four, and "off" the parish. When the money gave out, Mrs. Scott proposed to economise by dropping one meal a day, and relying on the parish half-crown. Happily, she was not allowed to carry out her plan of campaign. She, and many like her, have felt sorely the biting cold of the last few weeks. But the wind is tempered to such shorn sheep. They move in a world which, little as they know it, is changing under influences as mighty as those which will soon release its frozen streams and lakes from the lengthened grip of King Frost.

H. W. M.

"Duty is always plain, while right is mythical," said Mr. Frederic Harrison, referring to the Socialist agitation in his annual New Year address. He praised the cession of Heligoland, and condemned the Stanley Expedition to Africa as one of the "irregular, irresponsible, semi-military raids which ought to be made as criminal as piracy."

"Oranges and lemons, the bells of St. Clement's," has long been thought by many of us to be a meaningless children's phrase. It is, however, the custom of the headles and porters of St. Clement's Inn on New Year morning, and has been from time immemorial, to present to each tenant of chambers in the Inn an orange and a lemon, accompanying this gift with wishes for "a happy New Year."

## THE LATE MR. A. W. KINGLAKE.

It is within the remembrance of those old enough to have relished good literature forty or fifty years ago that Mr. Kinglake's "Eothen," a narrative of Eastern travel, sparkling with fine wit and pleasantly suggesting wise thoughts on the differences between European and Moslem civilisation, won public favour "in a canter," the course for competitors in that line of authorship being tolerably clear. That was in 1844, when Alexander William Kinglake, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, eldest son of a country gentleman near Taunton, was thirty-three years of age. He practised at the Bar some years, but circumstances made him independent of that profession, and in 1857 he was elected M.P. for the borough of Bridgewater. A decided Liberal, taking much interest in foreign politics, he soon appeared the constant opponent of Louis Napoleon, the name still used by many Englishmen then who did not wish the *coup d'état* of December 1851 to be forgotten, instead of calling him the Emperor Napoleon III. Mr. Kinglake helped, in February 1858, to upset Lord Palmerston's Government, on the ground that it had failed to sustain the honour of England by replying to the insolent threats of a number of French Colonels, officially published in the *Moniteur*, before proceeding to amend our defective criminal law for the punishment of assassination plots, like that of Orsini, prepared in this country. He soon afterwards called attention to a breach of international law committed by the Portuguese Government in the case of a French vessel, the Charles et Georges, seized for slave-trading on the East African coast; and in 1860, after the Italian war, he denounced the annexation of Savoy and Nice to the French Empire. These were Mr. Kinglake's chief parliamentary performances till he lost his seat in 1863.

But he had meantime commenced an important work of history—"The Invasion of the Crimea"—being furnished with



THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.  
AUTHOR OF "EOTHEN" AND "THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA."

authentic materials by the widow of Lord Raglan and by many officers of the British army. The first volume was published in 1863; others came out at long intervals; while to a younger generation of his countrymen, who had seen the overthrow of the French Empire, the removal of nearly all the eminent statesmen, diplomatists, and military commanders personally engaged in the Russian War of 1854 to 1856, though Mr. Kinglake relates events of abiding interest, the extreme vivacity of his comments may seem beyond sober historical judgment. This work is, nevertheless, on the whole, a masterly literary performance, laboriously accurate in most of its details, picturesque in description, vivid in portraiture, dramatic in the narrative of actions, and written in a vigorous, energetic, thoroughly English style, only perhaps rather over-studied in choice of diction. It has been reprinted in a cheaper edition. Mr. Kinglake personally witnessed the battle of the Alma and the investment of Sebastopol.

Our Portrait of Mr. Kinglake, who died on Friday, Jan. 2, is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Surely M. Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, has been imposed upon. The story which he tells concerning the fall of Prince Bismarck from power has too much dramatic interest to excite ready credence. The Chancellor, we are informed, offered his resignation, and was surprised to find it accepted. He attempted more than once to compromise matters, but, failing to conciliate the Emperor, he appealed to the Empress Frederick. "Yes," says M. Blowitz, "in the panic of his fall, this man, who but the day before had been the great Chancellor, stooped before her whom he had so long humbled. He explained to her the danger for the Empire involved in his fall, the fatal consequences which the young Emperor risked in overturning the founder of the Empire. He begged her to intervene so as to prevent disasters to Germany, remorse to her Sovereign, and unmerited humiliation to his most faithful servant. The Empress heard him out. She saw him humiliating himself before her, the man who had implacably hated her husband and herself, and who had sown distrust between son and father. No doubt she enjoyed the spectacle of seeing at her feet this bitter enemy dismissed by the very son whom he had reckoned on making his tool against her. And in a single sentence, becoming the mother, Empress, and woman, she returned to this cringing diplomatist all the insults which he had cast on her: 'I much regret being quite powerless. I should have been extremely glad to intervene with my son in your favour, but you have so employed all your power in estranging his heart from me, and making his mind foreign to mine, that I can only witness your fall without being able to ward it off for a moment. When you are no longer there my son will perhaps draw nearer to me, but it will then be too late for me to help you.'"

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The recent trial of Eyraud and his accomplice Bompard, for the murder of Gouffé in Paris, has raised the question of hypnotism (or mesmerism) once again. Hypnotism seems fated to receive a perennial advertisement, not only as a means of curing disease, but apparently also as an aid to justice. Apart from the disgraceful scenes in the way of uproar which took place in the court at Paris, there was something inexpressibly droll to English ideas in the manner in which the trial was conducted. The proposal that Mademoiselle Bompard should be hypnotised in court, and made to "reconstitute" her share of the crime, was undoubtedly a bold one. For the credit of French justice and legal procedure, we may be thankful the proposal was rejected. The professors of hypnotism, it seems to me, profess just a little too much all round. They have come to treat the human being as a kind of machine, whose brain and nervous system at large are to be moved and stimulated as they will. We have not yet reached that stage in the culture of hypnotism when we can predict with safety what a subject will or will not do; and, in any case, we should not forget that *per se* the mesmeric condition is an unnatural one, and as such to be regarded rather as the product of an abnormal or even diseased state, than as one of normal kind. Things, indeed, will have come to a pretty pass if the detection of crime is to depend in any degree on hypnotic experiments. If, as we are told, the subject can be made so pliant under the will of one operator as to react his crime, what is to hinder another operator from causing him to act something which never happened at all?

One may well feel surprised that our common foods and drinks are perpetually being subjected to fresh criticism in the way of the properties, harmful and the reverse, they possess. Of late days, coffee has come under the ban of medical alarmists. We are told it is a nerve-destroying beverage—whatever that may mean—that it disorders digestion, and that it should be tabooed by mankind at large. One discovers, however, after all is said and done, that these Cassandra-like warnings only apply to the effects of excessive indulgence in coffee; so we heave a sigh of relief, and feel thankful that the fragrant berry is still spared to us as an agreeable stimulant, and, perchance, also as a preventer of bodily wear and tear, if physiological views be correct. I once read in an American magazine that coffee-drinking was to be credited with producing nervous results leading in time to blindness and insanity. Needless to say, however, no proof was offered in support of the writer's opinions. So many people are well content to promulgate and accept notions, regarding the truth or credibility of which they have made not the slightest inquiry.

It is perfectly true that coffee-drinking after meals is not approved of by the faculty. If I mistake not, Sir William Roberts, M.D., in a little book of his on dietetics, showed that coffee taken just after food retarded digestion. I presume this result accrues, on the principle that meat teas are abominations (dietetically regarded), and that anything more indigestible than a "high tea" can with difficulty be mentioned. But of our coffee, in its proper place, no one need be afraid, and I have lately come upon sundry other uses for coffee which deserve to be mentioned. Most readers know that coffee has disinfectant properties, but only recently a certain Dr. Luderitz has studied in detail the germ-killing action of coffee infusion. Using by no means strong infusions, he showed that a certain harmless micrococcus germ dies in a 10 per cent. coffee-solution in from three to five days. The bacillus of typhoid fever perished in from one to three days under coffee-influence, and the cholera bacillus in from three to four hours. The germ of anthrax or splenic fever died in from two to three hours; but the spores or young forms of the latter germ perished in from two to four weeks only. These latter results speak well for the power of coffee as a germicide, for anthrax germs and spores are by no means easy to scotch or kill.

When Dr. Luderitz used a 30 per cent. infusion of coffee the typhoid germ perished in one day, and the cholera bacillus in from half an hour to two hours; but little difference was noted in respect of the effect of the stronger infusion on the anthrax germs. An infusion of coffee was next used, mixed with gelatine; this last a substance much used in laboratories, as a soil wherein germs will flourish and grow. The gelatine, however, would not grow the germ of typhoid when it contained 3 per cent. of coffee, and 1 per cent. addition to the gelatine rendered it unfit for the breeding of the cholera bacillus. Dr. Luderitz seems to think that it is not the caffeine, or active principle of the coffee, which acts as the germicidal substance. He leans to the belief that it is the products of the roasting of the coffee which really kill the germs. If this is so, then the substances to which coffee owes its aroma may be credited with the beneficent action. Possibly after these revelations coffee, administered internally, may be utilised as a remedy for germ-produced diseases. As it is, its virtues as a reviver and "pick-me-up" have long been appreciated outside the medical world.

If any parent is desirous of pleasing his intelligent boys or girls, I advise him to present them with a copy of my friend Sir Robert Ball's little book entitled "Starland." I have enjoyed greatly a perusal of this excellent work, which gives the chief facts and wonders of astronomy in language charmingly simple and felicitous. Those of my readers who have heard Sir Robert Ball deliver a Gilchrist Science Lecture to the people, or who may have heard him discourse to boys and girls (the official "juvenile auditorium") at the Royal Institution, will find many reminders in "Starland" of the author's happy style of making abstruse facts plain to the unlearned reader. And the stories are also good; especially that regarding the man who, coming to an observatory in broad daylight and asking to be shown the moon, replied, on being told to call again at night, that he could see the moon for himself in the evening: what he wanted was to be shown the moon by day! This reminds one of the incident in "Our Boys" when, on learning that his son had been to Naples, and had not seen Vesuvius in action, Mr. Middlewick replies, "Well, you ought to have had an eruption, my boy! I'm sure I didn't stint you."

How civilisation deceives the lower creation! The latest intelligence regarding the deception of animals by the works of man comes to us from Java and Norway. In Java, the woodpeckers bore into the telegraph-poles, deceived by the buzzing sound made by the wires into the belief that insects are concealed in the wood. Even hard teak has been bored into by these birds. In Norway, the woodpeckers have also been found to bore into the poles; but more curious is the fact that, in Norway, bears have torn away the large stones placed at the base of the poles, deceived by the sound into thinking that bees and their store of honey were to be found beneath. Possibly, in time, experience will teach both bears and birds the wisdom of leaving the telegraph-poles severely alone.



## VISTAS.

Says Horace Walpole, in enlarging on the successes of William Kent, the great landscape-gardener: "The principles on which he worked were perspective, light, and shade; his materials, besides the soil, which he modified according to the conditions of his work, trees, which he sometimes distributed singly, sometimes in clumps or masses, so as continually to vary the aspect, break up too extensive spaces, and diversify the vistas." Now, in eighteenth-century gardening, this business of *diversifying the vistas* took what our American cousins call "a front place." The first care of the artist when laying out a park or garden was to secure the largest possible number of vistas. He cut through a grove to reveal the spire of a distant

order to delight the wayfarer with a vista of the shivering waters of the Channel. And in the New Forest there are vistas opening up among the leafy glades which at first one is tempted to think must have been the work of Art rather than the spontaneous effort of Nature.

The great writers of the world show a similar partiality for vistas, for extended views and prospects terminating in some rare object or thing of beauty or of splendour. The greater the writer, the more numerous these vistas and the bolder, as in the *Odyssey*, for instance, where the vista at one time exhibits to us a fairy spectacle of singing sirens; at another, the olive-clad shores of Calypso's enchanted island. In Ariosto's delightful medley of chivalry and magic; in Spenser's gorgeous poem of many pictures, we can scarcely

as if by magic, the far-off spaces of eternity and the lofty spheres wherein the human intellect seeks the clue to the mysteries of life and death.

I should define a happy man (and there is no reason at all why men should not be happy) as a man with Vistas; that is, with diversified views—with long mental avenues terminating, like those of the landscape-gardener, in something beautiful, picturesque, or even sublime. It is morally and intellectually a good thing to escape out of the ruck of everyday affairs, and set the mind free to expatiate in vistas which reveal to it the regions of the imagination. I sometimes think that the great curse of poverty and ignorance lies in the want of *vistas*—in the want of something to look forward to, something to hope for, something to seek after.



"NINA."—PICTURE BY L. KNAUS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.

church. He marshalled his elms, beeches, or chestnuts in long avenues, so as to carry the eye towards a statue, or a fountain, or an artificial ruin. Thus we read that at Stowe the Rotunda was elevated so as to form "the centre of a number of converging vistas." The grounds at Hampton Court, so well known to every Cockney, exhibit a pleasing diversity of vistas; and the Long Walk at Windsor is a very attractive example. I don't find fault with the landscape-gardener for this predilection—this mania for vistas. Nature herself is constantly creating them. You plunge into a Highland valley, which at first seems to offer you nothing but the purple acclivities of its heathery hills; but press forward patiently, and, on rounding a green promontory, you will rejoice in a glorious vista of white crests of distant heights, all grouped together in such a manner as to crown and consummate the far-reaching view. In the Sussex Downs you will sometimes come upon a gap in their undulating bosoms which Nature seems to have purposely made in

turn a page but it opens up a vista as novel as it is charming. This is one of the secrets of Shakespeare's art: in a sentence—nay, in a line—he puts before us a vista which enchants and absorbs the imagination: "Under the shade of melancholy boughs"; "There is a willow grows aslant a brook"; "Halfway down hangs one that gathers samphire"; "Draw him away upon your winged thoughts Athwart the sea." And so with Milton, with Keats, with Shelley (who, in truth, is apt to lose himself in vistas), in Browning, in Tennyson. Take one instance from the last named: "Where the moving isles of winter shock By night, with noises of the Northern Sea." What a vista! How the fancy goes out into the Arctic darkness, and sees the huge wan icebergs drifting down from the frozen wildernesses, with clang of tempestuous waters and roar of contending blasts! There are noble vistas of thought, I need hardly say, in our masters of prose—sentences in Sir Thomas Browne, in Jeremy Taylor, in Bacon (not to speak of later writers), which reveal,

Ah me! what a life is that—what a sordid, mean, and unprofitable life—which is given up wholly to the wants and necessities of the day, and never leaps into that "untravelling world" where the poets see their visions, and the great thinkers shape their thoughts, and the reformers of humanity find their ideals! There are men and women by the hundred, by the thousand, who, it is to be feared, never know what life is worth; never know its capabilities, its opportunities; never catch even a glimpse of the lofty grandeur of the mountain-peaks where sit enthroned the Olympian deities; never hear the faintest echo of the sea-nymphs rippling over the western waves; never discover the lightest reflection of the glory that rests upon the golden gates of heaven! It is all a blank to them! The needs or the vulgar pleasures of the hour, the struggle with poverty, the race after wealth, the feverish world of fashion: lost in these they are as the deaf who cannot hear and the blind who cannot see—and they are miserable because they have no vistas!





THE NEW YEAR IN SCOTLAND: DISCUSSING THE STRIKE.



## THE SCOTCH RAILWAY STRIKE.

The celebration of the New Year in Scotland, which should be an occasion, like our English Christmas, for expressions of peace and goodwill, has unhappily been simultaneous with disputes and anxieties, gravely affecting large classes of the community, resulting from the great "strike" of men employed on the railways. Mr. W. M. Acworth's valuable small book on "The Railways of Scotland," recently published by Mr. Murray, is a concise historical and descriptive account of the admirable systems of through and local communication in that part of the United Kingdom. Though comprising altogether not more than some 3000 miles of rail, the local distances in Scotland being comparatively short, these rival systems, connected respectively with the "Caledonian" or western and the "North British" or eastern route, have been stimulated by competition, especially for the traffic from England, to marvellous enterprises both of engineering construction and the working acceleration of trains. The Forth Bridge and the Tay Bridge, crossing two of the wide estuaries that open to the German Ocean, are monuments of mechanical science and skill, and of the power of capital, hardly surpassed in Europe. The Caledonian Railway Company, with its northern allies, had obtained possession of the eastern region from Perth to Aberdeen; and the North British Railway Company endeavours to gain that ground by the new direct line from Edinburgh to Perth. Beyond these are the Great North of Scotland and the Highland Companies; the former with many branches among the thriving small towns near the north-eastern coast; the latter a main line, chiefly through mountainous country, reaching Inverness, and proceeding onward to Wick and Thurso. The West Highlands, to Oban, are still in the possession of the Caledonian system, which has a tolerably central position for its headquarters at Glasgow. The south of Scotland is pretty fairly divided, following the natural partition of its breadth assigned by the flow of the Clyde and the Tweed in opposite directions, with their tributary streams.

Much information concerning the minor lines of railway, and their relations with the two great contending powers, will be found in Mr. Acworth's book. It is a wonderful achievement to carry passengers from London to Perth in ten hours: the August flock of tourists and sportsmen may well be grateful for such accommodation. The advantages that have accrued to Scottish industrial, agricultural, maritime, and mineral interests from the rapid conveyance of goods to London are still more important. Every night, for instance, we get heavy special trains of Aberdeenshire beef, live and dead, by the London and North-Western Railway, to supply the Metropolitan market; and many tons of fish, brought six hundred miles from Peterhead. A Scotch railway strike, if it were general and effectual and prolonged for several weeks, might put us to much inconvenience. We refrain from discussing the questions of hours and wages in dispute; but the public will be glad to learn how soon the affair may be settled. Our Artist has sketched an engine-driver and a fireman, eagerly talking it over, as their train rushes along the line. Further illustrations of this strike are presented in the sketches of scenes at Glasgow, where the platforms of the Queen-street, the Central, and the St. Enoch Stations are crowded with passengers, and heaped with luggage and parcels, awaiting the uncertain departure of the trains.

A brief narrative of the history of the strike commences from the very beginning of the past year. In January, indeed, a strike in the two largest companies—the North British and the Caledonian—seemed inevitable. The men demanded a ten-hours day and other reforms, but, by conferences between their representatives and the directors, the strike was averted or postponed for several months. The dispute was renewed in August at a meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for Scotland in Glasgow. In October it was resolved to ask the companies to submit the differences to arbitration. When the directors rejected that proposal, the men determined on a strike, if a sufficient number of resignations were sent in. The strike began on the morning of Dec. 22, suddenly and without warning, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee. The men simply absented themselves from their work. The companies were taken by surprise. The men resolved to receive no communications from the directors except through their executive, and to picket the districts so as to bring out the men who were still undecided. The demand of the men for shorter hours received a good deal of public sympathy, especially when it became known that some drivers and signalmen were at work from twenty to thirty hours at a stretch. Whatever sympathy they commanded on the merits of their case was, however, neutralised by their action in breaking their contracts, and suddenly paralysing the travelling system and the trade and industries of the country. The strike seemed to have been specially timed to take place at the Christmas holiday season, when a large number of the public are in the habit of travelling. This disregard of the public convenience was strongly resented. The companies involved were the North British, the Caledonian, and the Glasgow and South-Western, the first most severely. The men who came out were drivers, firemen, and guards, especially those connected with the goods traffic, together with signalmen and porters. On the first day of the strike the number of men who abandoned their work was 4500. Within four days the number had been increased to 9000. Almost at once the whole trade of the country was brought to a standstill. Only a few passenger trains were run in the day, and these very irregularly; while the goods traffic was entirely suspended. Factories were stopped for want of coal. The output of coal was stopped because loaded waggons crowded the rails. The retail price of coal was doubled, and great distress was brought upon the poorer classes.

The Caledonian Company hope to be able to resume their mineral and goods service, with the aid of the experienced men whom they have engaged; and, to provide accommodation for a portion of these men, it has been found necessary to serve ejection notices on a number of their old servants who occupy houses at Motherwell. The ejection, on Friday, Jan. 2, was forcibly resisted, the sheriff's officer being dragged out of the building. On the next day, when the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, the Provost of Motherwell, and the Chief Constable, with a strong party of police, appeared on the scene, there was renewed tumult, but the legal process was enforced. Worse outrage was attempted the same day at Perth, where a number of persons were concerned in removing part of the coping of a bridge—a piece of free-stone 3 ft. 2 in. long, 14 in. in breadth, and 11 in. in depth, and placing it upon the rails over which the midnight passenger train from Perth to Aberdeen must pass. In the result the south train was late, and the engine drawing the Highland passenger train for Inverness came first into collision with the obstacle, which was cut into two pieces; one was carried on for thirty yards inside the track, while the other was dropped about eighty yards farther on and outside the rails. It is obvious that the whole affair was planned in a spirit of reckless disregard for human life.

## FLYING SOUTH.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

## No. I.—THE CLUB TRAIN.

Snow, slush, and misery at the Victoria Station. It is a positive relief to get out of the cruel blasts, and to be snugly tucked up in a corner of a well-heated, cosy-looking Pullman car. They tell us that in less than four-and-twenty hours from the starting hour of three o'clock in the afternoon we shall be basking in the sunshine, covered with a blue sky, plucking oranges, or dozing under palm-trees. I for one refuse to believe it. But then I am of a sceptical turn of mind. One enthusiastic young lady is firmly convinced that having once got into the Pullman at Victoria we shall never get out of it until we arrive at Orange Land. She has an idea—what a capital one, by the way!—that this Victoria end of the Club train will be hauled up on cranes at Dover and deposited on a magnificent steamer, and at Calais hauled up again on the permanent way. But, alas! this improved version of the Channel tunnel has not yet commended itself to our scientific engineers.

There is the usual pathos and fun of leave-taking. Blindling cold as the day is, a pale-faced, invalid girl, wrapped up from head to foot and with only her bright brown eyes seen above her respirator, is making her farewell to the kind-hearted brother who is bidding her good-bye. He has brought bunches of violets and grapes for the long journey. A regular case of carrying coals to Newcastle. By to-morrow she will be in violet-land herself. In the next compartment a lot of young fellows in positively rude health are making their adieux to a "Johnnie" friend, who is off to try his luck at the Monte Carlo tables. "Be sure you put my tenner, old chap, on No. 13 directly you get into the rooms. No humbugging about it. Chunk it down! Sudden death, and if it comes up trumps send me a wire, old boy!" Oh! the supreme faith of these artless youths! Their simplicity is refreshing. And so, with kisses and cheers and tears and sighs, we huddle into our corners, and the Club train, as if it were hung on velvet springs, steams out of Victoria Station, and we say farewell to "darkest London."

There is a disappointment when we arrive at the Channel. Not the same kind of disappointment that is said to have afflicted the Arch Priest of exploded Æstheticism when he was introduced to the Atlantic Ocean. The Channel is there smooth as glass, thank Heaven! It would have been too much for human endurance to have been frozen from London to Dover, only to be fevered and chilled with sea-sickness from Dover to Calais. Our disappointment consisted in not finding one of the new Channel steamers for whose convenience exorbitant extra charges are levied. Where is the Calais-Douvres? Where have they hidden the two new sister-steamers that race across the Channel in a little over the hour? I innocently imagined that I had paid for the Club train in order to enjoy the luxury of travel. I find, instead, one of the miserable little boats, called The Foam, about as wretched and ill-arranged a tug as the one in which years ago I was doomed to spend a long day and a night between Dover and Boulogne, when a certain Captain Boyton wanted to show how useless was his swimming-dress, in which he wobbled about for thirty-six hours like an animated porpoise. Club train or no Club train, the old hideous inconveniences of crossing are allowed to prevail. The porters at Dover are forbidden to go farther into The Foam than the paddle-box. There they deposit all your impedimenta, higgledy-piggledy, on the deck. For this halfway assistance you are charged two shillings. Another tax of a florin to one of the sailors—when you can find him—finds your rugs and hand-bags in a dog-hole of a cabin, with an iron pipe across the sofa, for which I am charged a guinea extra. I calculate that from arriving at Dover Station and being deposited in the Calais Club train it costs you, in addition to your through ticket, at least thirty shillings. Every sailor on board wants to drink your health. On the Calais side there is the usual relay of double porters—one set to take you to the paddle-box, one set to the train. The journey, which is advertised as an hour on the sea, takes you exactly two hours on the cockle-shell Foam.

More difficulties at Calais. It was freezing harder than in London. We could have skated up the steps from the steamer to the train. For invalids weary and sea-sick, it was positively dangerous to cross these ice-paved staircases and the frozen puddles at the foot of the huge ascent to the train. But that was not all. I had secured my sleeping-berth ten days before. When I arrived, five others claimed it. It appeared that every sleeping-berth in the train had been sold twice over. This, in theatrical phraseology, is known as "a double." It often occurs on a first night at a London theatre, and it is inconvenient, because the owners of the "doubles" have to stand glaring at one another while the attendant seeks to rectify the error. I wished I had been a dramatic critic when I arrived at Calais—the dramatic critic of the Club train—for then they might have favoured me. As it was, I only obtained my rightful berth by a judicious "tip"; but I earned the hatred of the "seedy" set, who were going to Monte Carlo to try their luck at the tables, or possibly to snatch up the winnings of the innocent.

I think, on the whole, I prefer the old arrangement at the Calais buffet—the thin *potage*, the chunk of *poulet*, the bumper of *vin ordinaire*, to the scamper of the Club train. Being an hour late at Calais, we are bundled anyhow into the train. Wraps, traps, sticks, hat-boxes, pet dogs, Gladstones, pillows, are flung about in hopeless confusion. The passage between the cabins and the car-side is not wide enough to admit the body of a fat man. On starting from Calais, it is wedged up with angry passengers, with fuming conductors, with custom-house officers, all demanding in one breath fresh berths, your tickets, your keys, and your life. The ladies flop down on their sofa beds in despair, and refuse to move. They are sicker on land than they were on sea. They don't know where their keys are, and they don't care! They want to be left alone, and to die. The climax comes when a greasy waiter announces dinner in the restaurant car. Then, with a shudder, the ladies bolt themselves in their cabins, and defy the authorities of the Club train to do their worst.

But the men—the wretched men—must dine. It is better to trifle with a plate of train-made bouillon than to sit in a lumber-room of packages and sick women. But how to find the restaurant car? There's the rub. It consists in passing through four distinct tornadoes of wind and smuts. You open a door, and find yourself outside the car and blown nearly off your feet. You save your hat by a miracle. You arrive at another saloon car, where dozens more people are unpacking and arranging. You open another door, and you are once more tossed about like a shuttlecock. You find yourself in the baggage wagon, and have to vault over dozens of American trunks, and play leap-frog with custom-house officers, and at last, after one more *coup de vent*, you arrive at the dining-car, with a face as black as a sweep and hands begrimed with dirt. For a few minutes there is peace. The

soup and the fish, both of the richest kind the fiend cook can devise, are consumed with difficulty, when, suddenly, there is a lurch round a curve, the bottles and glasses are sent flying, the salt and pepper are sent into your neighbour's eye, and a howl at the end of the carriage proclaims some dreadful disaster. The steward is weeping over a broken bottle of tenpenny claret, and the waiters are joining in the ululating chorus. The steward could not have cried more if he had lost his mother. He whipped himself with his serviette to express his grief.

I believe that I should have remained in the dining-car until midnight had it not been for the rudeness of my fellow-passengers. It was so pleasant to sit here and smoke undisturbed, to be wedged in so that you could not move. But at the next table were the angry Frenchmen who wanted to possess my berth. They discovered that "English tobacco" smelt horribly, and ought to be prohibited, and they compared my black-and-white striped shirt to a "lettre à faire part," thinking that no human being understood French but themselves.

The best thing to do in a Club train going South is to sleep it out. Get your bed made up as soon as possible and turn in. It all smells very sour, the pillows are as hard as bullets, you will have nightmares by the dozen—you will imagine you are smashed up and deposited in a snowfield amid a chaos of broken bottles and dishes, but somehow or other it will end. It seemed to get colder and colder as we went farther south. I have an indistinct idea of Paris with a freezing wait at the Nord station; of the entrance of more angry passengers, all clamouring for my berth; of Lyons with the carriage-windows still enfrosted; and then on to Avignon, where a thaw sets in. The sun actually shines at Arles. There is a caressing softness in the air at Marseilles, and there is a sunset over the olives and oranges between Marseilles and Toulon that the pen of a Ruskin could scarcely describe. At Toulon I leave the Club train, to my infinite delight. I am broken-hearted, and as black as a coal. It takes me two hours at the Toulon station to wash off the grime of that prison journey. But hurrah! I am a free man. I can do as I like. I have been released from my cell, and until the branch line starts I am watching the innocent Toulonaise coming up for their little dinners at the refreshment-room buffet, where they sell an aromatic Alpine yellow liqueur—better than Chartreuse.

At last Hyères les Palmiers. It is eight o'clock, and yet not so dark but that I can use my astonished eyes. Palm-trees everywhere. Avenues of palms in the streets; a boulevard of palms; a place of palms where the band plays; and I am driven higher and higher up a mountain-side through groves of eucalyptus, and aloes, and flowery yuccas, and prickly palms! Heavens, what a change! Yesterday I was freezing at Victoria Station.

## FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT SILCHESTER.

A communication appeared from Mr. Walter Besant, about six weeks ago, in a Number of this Journal, giving an account of a visit to the site of the Roman city known now as Silchester, in the neighbourhood of Reading. Since that date, the excavations conducted on this site, under the auspices of the Society of Antiquaries, and supported by public subscriptions, have been brought to a close for the winter, to be resumed, however, early this year, and the collections of antiquities made in those excavations have been transferred to Burlington House, where an exhibition of them, in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, is now to be seen by permission of that society. It was opened on Jan. 1, to remain open until Jan. 16.

The many objects contained in the cases and distributed round the room, the plans and diagrams hung on the walls, and the architectural details from the ruined city, taken altogether, give a picture of the ways of life, habits, and surroundings of the inhabitants of a town in Roman Britain such as is not often seen.

The objects which will attract the most attention are a collection of tools used by various artificers living in the town—those of carpenters, shoemakers, and blacksmiths. A very large mass of these implements—all of iron, with one exception—together with some other specimens of various use, amounting to nearly sixty in all, were discovered in a pit near one of the largest houses yet explored. A find like this, considering the character and perfect preservation of its contents, is of the greatest rarity, and some of the pieces are absolutely unique in this country—the carpenter's plane, for example, extremely few specimens of which, of the Roman period, have as yet been discovered. This was of wood, plated on the sides and bottom, and possibly on the top, with iron, very much after the fashion of American planes of the present day. The whole mechanism of the tool can be perfectly made out. Chisels and gouges, too, are represented by perfect specimens, and there is a complete set of axe-heads. Among the smith's tools may be noted a large anvil, hammer-heads, and a fine pair of pincers, while the shoemaker's are represented by a couple of the small anvils used in their trade.

There were also a couple of plough coulters, a strangely shaped shoe of the kind usually called a hippo sandal, heavy bars of iron, and some curiously shaped pegs, also of iron, painted at the end and flat-topped. Beneath the flattened top are projecting rings. These have been called by German antiquaries tent-pegs; by others, instruments for breaking up concrete. Their use has yet to be discovered.

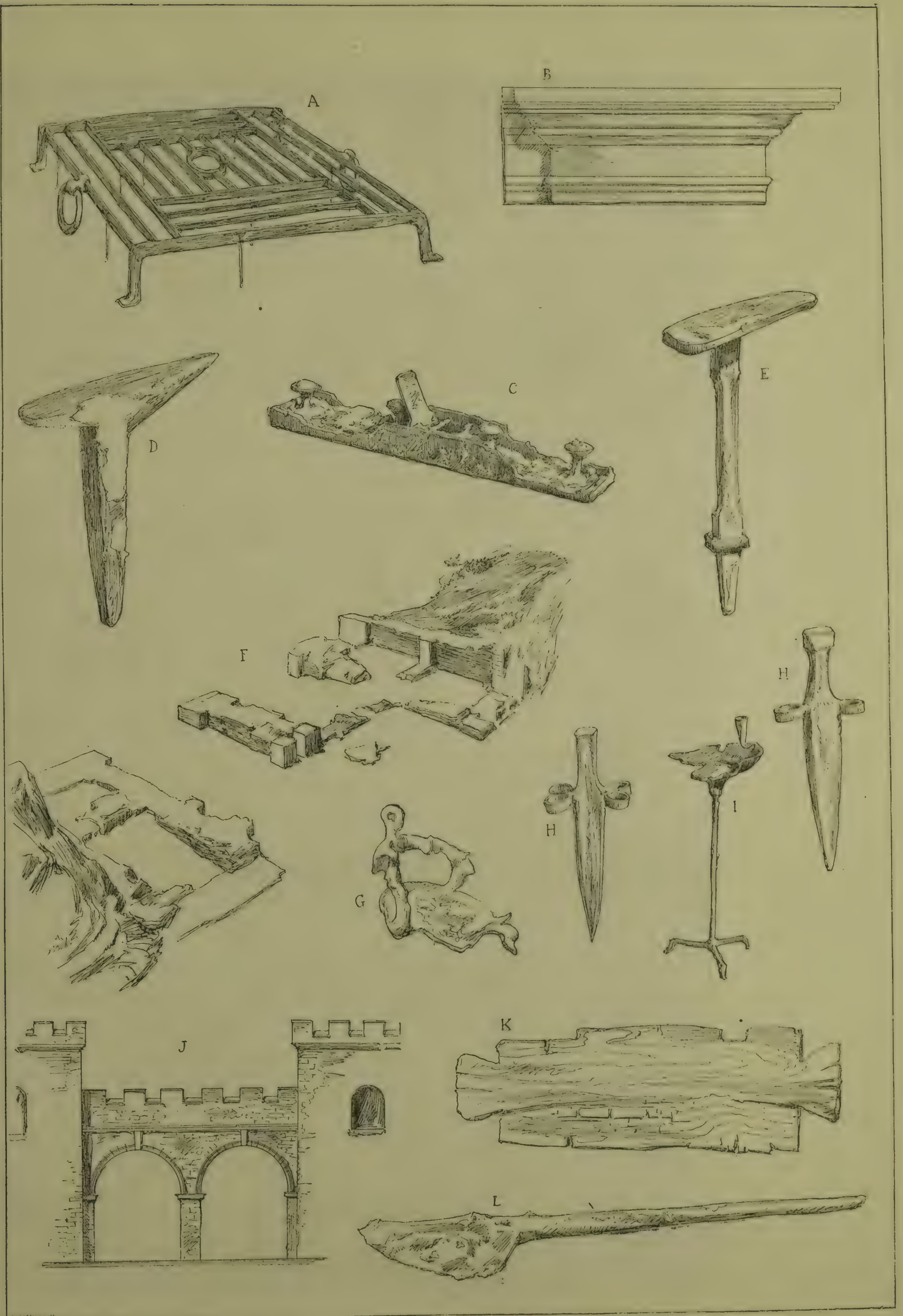
Again, one of the principal objects of this find is a grid-iron or portable cooking-stove. Nothing like this piece of kitchen furniture has as yet been turned up in England. It was intended to be used over a charcoal fire, which would be ignited upon the surface of a raised table of masonry in the kitchen, and it would serve at the same time for grilling meat or heating water, the bars being so arranged as to allow of an earthen or other vessel being placed upon them for the latter purpose. Rings attached to two of the sides rendered it easily portable.

To the utensils described must be added a little lamp, with its bowl to contain oil, and a singular contrivance for holding the wick. Also, a most perfect scalebeam of bronze, of small dimensions, the only object in the find which was not of iron. This has, marked upon it, the measure of a Roman foot.

Mention must not be omitted of a model of the remains of the west gate of the town, one of the most important of the discoveries made last year at Silchester. Its original appearance was undoubtedly like that of the gates of the stations on the Roman wall in Northumberland. A drawing showing a restoration of a gate of one of those stations (Amboglanna) is to be seen in the exhibition, and a cast of a large Doric capital, found in the ruins of another of the gates at Silchester, will give visitors an idea of the importance of the buildings which once adorned this Roman city. A representation of the capital may also be found among our illustrations.

Mr. Bryce, M.P., has been, by eighteen votes out of twenty-nine, elected a correspondent of the Paris Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, in the room of the late Sir E. Chadwick.





A. Gridiron.  
B. Roman Doric Capital, restored.  
C. Carpenter's Plane.  
D. Blacksmith's Anvil.  
E. Shoemaker's Last.

F. The West Gate, Silchester.  
G. Hippo Sandal.  
H, H. Supposed to be Tent-pegs.  
I. Lamp.

J. Gateway (restored) at Amboglanna, on the northern wall of Severus, which shows that the gates at Silchester were the same in plan.  
K. One of the Oak Boards, with dovetails, which formed the sides of the well.  
L. Coulter of a plough.





1. "The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold!"  
2. They return, clothed and comfortable.

3. Violent exercise, next day, to get warm.  
4. Owl-babies are initiated into the use of the feeding-bottle.

5. One owl has been an observer of man; after a visit to the neighbouring town he returns clothed.  
6. All eyes were well till the next morn'g, when the birds find their clothes an incumbrance.

7. The rest of the community follow his example.  
8. They seek other means of protection from the wintry weather.

# AN OWLISH ECCENTRICITY.

DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.



## LITERATURE.

## MR. JAMESON'S AFRICAN DIARY AND LETTERS.

*Story of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.* By the late James S. Jameson, Naturalist to the Expedition. Edited by Mrs. J. S. Jameson. (R. H. Porter, Princes-street, Cavendish-square.)—It is with a serious feeling of the regard due to the lamented memory of one who died on the banks of the Congo, in the presence of Mr. Herbert Ward, but far from all other friends or people of European race, one whose character has lately been aspersed, we think unjustly, with foul and horrid accusations, that our reading of this book must be commenced. Mr. H. M. Stanley, after publishing in June last the famous history, legally held to claim official authority, of the adventures of his complex expedition "In Darkest Africa," enjoyed a singular privilege, secured to him by a compulsory agreement previously administered to every one of his comrades. They were strictly bound to keep silence for a certain period—and this obligation was enforced by proceedings in the law-courts against Mr. John Rose Troup—concerning whatever they had seen, and whatever they had done. Towards the end of October, when they became free—the surviving officers of the Rear Column, for themselves, and the families of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, for the sake of those two gentlemen who were dead—to defend their reputation in England from charges of gross misconduct, came the appearance of Barttelot's Diary and Letters, edited by his brother, and the announcement of Troup's book, supported by the testimony of Herbert Ward in the general tenor of its statements. Mr. Stanley, then on the eve of his departure to lecture in America, instantly proclaimed, through interviewing reporters and in letters to the *Times*, his knowledge of atrocious crimes, never before mentioned by him, which he said were perpetrated, in his absence, by Major Barttelot, commanding the Rear Column, and by Mr. Jameson, second in command, early in the year 1888.

If these stories could be at all believed, they would have had some effect in persuading the world that the hideous disasters of the Rear Column, its failure to advance through the Aruwihimi Forest, the delay of its movements for more than a twelvemonth, the miserable perishing of so many native servants from starvation and disease, the loss of most of the stores intended for the relief of Emin Pasha, were not to be ascribed to Mr. Stanley's bad arrangements. These stories would also have served, if they were, indeed, communicated to Mr. Stanley, when he found the wasted remnant of the Rear Column at Banalya, in August 1888, by Mr. Bonny, the sole remaining European officer, to exonerate Mr. Bonny from the blame for its wretched and helpless condition. Mr. Bonny now says that his superior officer, Major Barttelot, was insane, a raging maniac, who ran about the camp biting women, kicking, stabbing, beating men and little boys to death, who sought to poison an Arab chief, and whose madness resulted in his being shot by the husband of a native woman he had savagely assaulted. But Mr. Bonny did not tell these stories, even to Mr. Stanley, until last October, when Mr. Stanley could make use of them to discredit Major Barttelot's account of the real causes of disaster. It has been observed, however, that the private letters of Major Barttelot, to within five weeks of his death, are those of a man perfectly sane and self-possessed; and that none of his white comrades, except Mr. Bonny, ever knew him to commit an act unworthy of an English officer and gentleman, though he once or twice ordered punishments of excessive severity. It is further important to remark that Mr. Bonny alone, not Major Barttelot, was in sole charge of the Rear Column during seven weeks preceding the day when Mr. Stanley found ocular proofs of its terrible mismanagement, with the exception of two nights and one day—July 17 to July 19—when Major Barttelot was at the Banalya camp. How does all this concern Mr. Jameson? Why, Mr. Jameson was there on July 22, and stayed till the 25th, making full inquiry about the death of Major Barttelot, whom he loved and esteemed, and in whose conduct there he found no fault whatever. In order, then, to bear out those incredible stories of Major Barttelot's bestial fury, Mr. Jameson's personal character must be assailed.

There was but one thing which could be said against Mr. Jameson, the bright, cheerful, kindly, and generous spirit, who had been the life of the party, its most willing worker, its most intelligent counsellor, its most friendly comrade; the unpaid volunteer, who had subscribed, as Mr. Mounteney Jephson also did, £1000 to the Expedition Fund, paid his own expenses, and showed his devotion, when affairs were desperate, by pledging a large part of his fortune, to the amount of £20,000, for the extortionate demands of the Arabs to provide carriers for the vast load of stores. The only story that could be told to discredit Mr. Jameson, and which Mr. Stanley did not scruple to tell in November last, though it had been formally retracted by its author, the Syrian interpreter Assad Farran, was quite ugly enough for its purpose, if people could believe it true. Mr. Jameson was a young married man, thirty-one years of age, with one or two babes of his own at home, of whom he writes to his wife in tones of the sweetest tenderness: "How I wish that I could kiss little Gladys, and the small baby that I have never seen: I pray for you all so earnestly every night!" Mr. Jameson, a man of culture and refined tastes, reading his Tennyson and his "Light of Asia" on his voyage to the Congo, and eagerly studying, with scientific enthusiasm, the birds and insects and botany of the tropical forest—Mr. Jameson, the gentlest, kindest, and most amiable man of the company travelling in Central Africa—had been guilty, we are told, of one monstrous deed. He had deliberately purchased a child, a little girl of ten years, and handed her over to a gang of cannibal savages, in order to gratify his morbid curiosity by seeing her slaughtered, cooked, and devoured! This is just the kind of story that was needful to disqualify Mr. Jameson from bearing witness, as he did before he died of fever at Bangala, in favour of Major Barttelot; for that gallant young officer, having a favourite little native boy to wait upon him, a funny pet, of whom he speaks tenderly in letters to his sister, is reported to have cruelly killed the child by kicking him in the head. The evidence in the one case is that of a Zanzibari, probably a liar, who told Mr. Bonny; in the other case it is that of Assad Farran, a known thief and self-convicted perjurer, who had to withdraw, by a written deposition, the essential part of his calumny; yet Mr. Stanley, long after Barttelot and Jameson are dead, reproduces these stories as true! Mr. Stanley is a great traveller and explorer, but he is a bad judge of truth and equity, as Englishmen understand their principles, though we have never impugned his veracity in matters of his own personal knowledge.

The fact concerning this shocking act of cannibalism, which took place in Mr. Jameson's presence, but utterly without his consent or expectation, and which he was unable to prevent, is frankly related on pages 290 and 291 of the present volume. It happened on May 11, 1888, at Riba-Riba, a large Arab settlement on the Upper Congo, several hundred miles above Stanley Falls. We are not aware that any European

traveller, except Mr. Jameson, has visited that part of Africa since Mr. Stanley descended the Congo in 1877. Riba-Riba belongs to an Arab chief named Mohammed ben Hamis, but is within the dominions of Tippoo Tib, the powerful ruler of the Manyema nation, the wealthy Zanzibar ivory-merchant and slave-trader, whom Mr. Stanley has chosen to appoint Governor of Stanley Falls, nominally an officer of the Congo Free State. Mr. Jameson had gone all the way up the river to Nyangwe and Kasongo, for the purpose of negotiating afresh with Tippoo Tib for the promised carriers of the stores left at Yambuya with the Rear Column. He accompanied Tippoo Tib in returning down the river; Assad Farran, the Arabic interpreter, was with him. They were entertained by the local Arab chief. Some men and women of the Wacusu, a savage tribe, being slaves of this chief, came in, fantastically dressed up, from a "medicine-making" or magic ceremony they had been attending to stop an epidemic disease. Tippoo Tib, in conversation, watching their dance, told Mr. Jameson that these people usually ended their grand festival by killing and eating some persons. Mr. Jameson replied that the tales of African cannibalism were disbelieved by many in England. Tippoo Tib then said something to an Arab named Ali, who sat next to him; this Arab turned to Mr. Jameson, and asked him for a bit of cloth. Mr. Jameson unthinkingly, to please his hosts, sent for a "piece of six handkerchiefs," which he gave to the Arab. He had no idea that it was to be the price of a horrible scene. In a few minutes a man brought in the little girl, plunged a knife twice in her breast; three men quickly cut up her dead body, and cut off her head; the pieces of flesh were carried off to be washed, cooked, and eaten.

"I never would have been such a beast," says Mr. Jameson, "as to witness this; but I could not bring myself to believe that it was anything save a ruse to get money out of me, until the last moment." It does not appear that he witnessed the cooking and eating, but he represented these scenes in a series of sketches made when he had retired to the hut assigned for his lodging. As we understand it, all that he saw was done too suddenly for him to interfere. We should rather ask why Tippoo Tib did not interfere? or what sort of a Governor of the Upper Congo, by Mr. Stanley's special favour, the King of the Belgians had been induced to appoint? This man, an old ally of Mr. Stanley's, has long been permitted with impunity to devastate immense tracts of Central Africa, burning villages, slaughtering hundreds of people at a time, and driving the remainder away in slavery. He is a profitable trade customer of the Congo Free State, which owes him £10,000 just now for one sale of ivory. The civilising rule or influence of that State along the Upper Congo is a rank imposture. It dares not attempt to check inhuman practices in the remote provinces of its nominal dominion.

This volume is full of interesting narratives and descriptions, with more than a hundred fine engravings, a portrait of Mr. Jameson, and a map of the Upper Congo.

## A RED INDIAN STORY.

*Wanneta, the Sioux.* By Warren K. Moorehead. (Chapman and Hall.)—With the recent American news of a fierce conflict between the United States troops and the revolted tribe of Sioux Indians in Dakota, this volume is of timely publication, containing a story of much interest, thoroughly realistic, and full of authentic details of their actual condition. It is adorned with beautiful illustrations from life. British Colonial Governments, formerly aided by large forces of our regular Army, have had to deal sharply with the Indians in the North-West Territory of Canada, not many years ago, besides the more formidable Maori wars in New Zealand, and those with Kaffirs, Basutos, and Zulus in South Africa, where the slaughter was tenfold greater than is likely in the western territories of the United States. Readers unacquainted with the systematic administration of the Indian Department in America may learn from this story, if they do not consult official statistics, that ample provision is regularly made for the subsistence of those Indian tribes who are content to dwell quietly within the "reservations" of land assigned for their abode, guarded at a convenient distance by small military posts or forts. At all the Government agencies, for example, among these Sioux Indians, numbering about 30,000 people, there is a fortnightly distribution of food, consisting of a live bullock and a keg of meal for every large family, or two small families, besides gifts of blankets and other needful articles in the winter season. These constant public doles are intended to compensate for the inevitable loss of their ancient means of livelihood as wild hunters of the buffalo and other animals, which have almost entirely disappeared from the plains. The Indians do not take to agricultural or pastoral occupations: if they would, there is land for them, but the settlements of the white men, over the vast region, west of the Mississippi and the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and the growth of the biggest of civilised nations, cannot be disturbed. All that justice and humanity prescribe is that the outlying tribes of Red Men shall not starve; and we do not believe that they are oppressed or neglected by the United States Government. Occasional abuses in this department of administration may always be possible, of course, as in any official service.

Wanneta is a young woman, daughter of the chief named Two Bears, living encamped with his tribe, or section of a tribe, near the Black Hills in Western Dakota, five miles from a Government Agency. She has been educated, during three years, in an eastern town, at one of the Mission Schools for Indian girls, but loves her own people, the customs and legends of their race, and amuses them with translations from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," as they sit around the fire in the "tipi," or wigwam tent. Their neighbour chief, called Rain-in-the-Face, of the same tribe, has a brave son whose name is Strong Heart; he and Wanneta, companions from childhood, find each other, when she has returned home, objects of mutual affection. An Indian girl, even though uneducated, may be as pure and modest as any of the white race; her manly lover may be quite as true, but the character of Strong Heart is not idealised, if there be some exaggeration of his valour in fight. Riding and shooting are common accomplishments of these men. Have we not seen their prowess in a London arena, under the direction of Buffalo Bill? Wanneta, too, could gallop on horseback without a saddle, and we like her none the worse.

Adventures of the fighting sort begin with the young couple being attacked in a cave by thirty scalp-hunting Crows, but Strong Heart, with a Winchester repeating rifle, kills nearly all of them. He is badly wounded, and is nursed by Wanneta; so they are betrothed, and soon married. A rival suitor of profligate character, named Spotted Eagle, seeking revenge, conspires with the tribal conjurer or medicine-man, Wa-da-ha, a wicked traitor, against their lawful chief. Baffled and degraded, these two miscreants join the hostile nation of Crows, whose army they guide to attack the fortified post of the Agency, in which the loyal Sioux have taken refuge. It is defended with intrepid courage by the few white men, Lieutenant Thomas Custer, brother of the famous General, with a handful of soldiers, and the resident official staff. The

narrative of this conflict, the burning of the wooden houses, and the repulse of the foes, routed by an allied force under Sitting Bull, the principal ruler of the Sioux nation, coming just in time, is a stirring chapter. Horrible enough is the fate of Wa-da-ha, captured and slowly roasted to death in the cruel Indian mode of judicial vengeance.

Afterwards, General Custer, nicknamed by the Indians "Long Hair," comes with his troops to settle the affairs of the territory; disputes arise concerning the intrusion of white men, and a Sioux war appears to be impending. Rain-in-the-Face, being falsely accused of complicity in a murder, is arrested and locked up, but escapes by the aid of his son and Wanneta breaking open his prison. Then Wanneta, boldly seeking an interview with General Custer, and speaking good English, with some knowledge of the white man's ways and ideas, makes intercession for her people. Misunderstandings are explained; peace is restored for the time; and the virtues of this civilised "squaw," really an intelligent Christian young lady, have saved the nation from considerable peril. All this is imagined, as it might have happened, ten or eleven years ago.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

The time has long passed when people could speak and write of Dean Swift as a morose cynic, in whom were none of the attributes of love and tenderness and generous kindness. To so many men has it been given to delight the world with fine sentiments in their writings while their lives have been harsh and unholy, that the change to Swift is unexpected. Here we see all the worst side of the man in his books, his best side in his letters and journals, and the testimony of friends. To read those letters and journals with care is to make many of us feel an affection for Swift in his loneliness, his misanthropy, his disappointed ambitions, the like of which we feel for no other man of his day. Mrs. Margaret Woods, the author of that most powerful book "A Village Tragedy," has read these journals and letters in the right spirit. Her diligent study of eighteenth-century life and literature is obvious—sometimes too obvious. Nevertheless, her story, entitled "Esther Vanhomrigh," which opens in the January number of *Murray's Magazine*, should find many readers. There is no attempt at the rehabilitation of Swift. We see him parsimonious and overbearing, and we are witnesses, as it were, of the double intrigue—the love-affair in Ireland and the conflicting love-affair in England. On the whole, there is promise of a good novel of literary life.

The fact that a book about Mr. George Meredith has reached a second edition within a few days of its publication has an interest apart from the question of its merits. It indicates, at least, that Mr. Meredith is at this moment a power to be reckoned with, that there are a number of people who will buy not only his novels but any and every book that appears which treats of those novels. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Some Characteristics of George Meredith" (Elkin Mathews) is not a very striking book. It says many good things, but rarely says them in a pleasant manner. It is disgraced by freaks of style, which would seem to indicate a too slavish devotion to the writer whom he criticises. "Richard Feverel" is a great novel, truly, but "Vanity Fair" or "The New Arabian Nights" is a better book to read before sitting down to criticise "Richard Feverel." Much may be forgiven to Mr. Le Gallienne, however, on account of his enthusiasm, and all who belong to that "acute and honourable minority" to whom the author of "Harry Richmond," "Evan Harrington," and "Rhoda Fleming" has been an important, intellectual, and spiritual force will thank him for his essays. Equal thanks are due to Mr. John Lane for his careful Bibliography, a most useful guide to the all too few essays on the novelist.

In April 1889 Mr. Robert Browning spoke into one of Mr. Edison's phonographs at the house of a friend. The poet recited a portion of "How They brought the Good News from Ghent," and concluded by saying: "I am extremely sorry that I can't remember my own verses, but one thing I shall remember all my life is the astonishing sensation produced upon me by your wonderful invention." The wax cylinder is in the possession of Colonel Goudard, and it has twice been made the occasion of a drawing-room entertainment—once on the anniversary of the poet's death, and again at the house of the Rev. H. R. Haweis on the anniversary of the poet's funeral. Every word, every hesitating interjection, was, of course, reproduced in the most perfect manner, including the applause which followed the poet when he shouted "Robert Browning" into the instrument. But it is time to protest against an exhibition of this kind. Is it not very much like peeping and botanising upon a mother's grave? We all understand the efficacy of the phonograph, and have heard its reproduction of sounds. It might have been thought, however, that delicacy of feeling would have prevented attendance at a drawing-room gathering where it was proposed to reproduce the voice of a deceased friend. That wax cylinder should, we think, have been treated with more reverence.

A curious fragment of literary history has lately been discussed in the columns of a contemporary. It seems that there are three writing-desks in existence, each of which is reputed to be the desk in which Sir Walter Scott found the forgotten manuscript of "Waverley." One is said to have been given by Sir Walter to his friend and amanuensis, William Laidlaw. Then there is a desk which is stated to have been presented by Miss Ann Scott, on her father's death, to the widow of his friend Daniel Terry. Lastly, there is the desk exhibited in the visitors' waiting-room at Abbotsford as the desk in which the manuscript was discovered. Which of these three desks is the true one? They may all have belonged to Sir Walter Scott, but only one of them can be the Waverley desk. The evidence in favour of the Laidlaw desk is very clear. A drawing of it was given in the Abbotsford edition of the novels, and it may be presumed it was properly authenticated before that was done. The testimony of the desk given to Terry is less conclusive. But what shall we say about the desk now at Abbotsford? That ought to be the true Waverley desk, and it is not pleasant to think of it as a sham. It is a pity this interesting relic was not included in the Guelph Exhibition; but even that might not have settled the dispute, for the committee accept no responsibility as to the authenticity of the things exhibited.

As an example of the rage for "limited editions" at the present moment, it may be mentioned that an advertisement in the *Athenæum* offers large-papered editions of Mr. Lang's "Red Fairy Book," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," with Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations, at three guineas each. These books were both obtainable at less than half that price a few weeks ago.

An edition of Tolstoi's "War and Peace"—a great novel in every sense of the word—has been published at St. Petersburg in raised characters for the Russian blind.



## FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE BISCAYA.

Continuing to publish the Sketches drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price, on board the steamer Biscaya, in the expedition which sailed last July to Northern Siberia, passing the Waygatch Straits to the Kara Sea beyond Nova Zemla, and eastward to the Yenisei River, we now give a further portion of his narrative, written on Sept. 11 at Kasanskoi. That place is a small settlement built by Russian traders, standing on the bank of the Yenisei River, which is here about eight miles wide, though at least a hundred and fifty miles from the sea. There are about half a dozen houses here, quite a large village for this part of the world; most of them built in the primitive style shown in Mr. Price's Sketch. The house of the head man of the place is somewhat more dignified in its architecture. Our Special Artist writes as follows:—

"After I had thoroughly explored the adjoining country, one morning I got out a small steam-launch belonging to the Phoenix, and, with a Russian who spoke a little German as fireman and interpreter, went down the river as far as the four or five loghouses and huts which constituted the settlement of Kasanskoi. As at Karaoul, the dogs gave us a hearty welcome, though, fortunately, they were all chained up this time, as they looked anything but gentle creatures, and tried hard to get at us. The largest of the houses was really not a bad-looking sort of place, certainly far better than one would have expected to find. The proprietor came out and politely invited us to enter. We accepted his invitation, and, following him in, found ourselves in a large kind of kitchen, in which several members of the family were busily engaged in various household duties. But for the quaint costume of the man, and the fact that the women were smoking cigarettes, there was nothing particularly striking about the place. I could not, however, help immediately noticing how wonderfully clean it was: the walls rivalled the boards of the floor in whiteness, the

room, and in accordance with the advice he gives I immediately took off my hat so as to be quite *en règle*. The Russians,

or rather the Northern Siberians, are certainly a most phlegmatic race, if they are all like the few I have already met. One would have thought that in this remote place the entrance of a stranger would have excited just the least little show of interest—but no, they hardly uttered a word, they just looked up for a second from their work, and then resumed it without the slightest comment, as if I had been an ordinary everyday visitor from a neighbouring house. Since they paid so little attention, I was equally cool, and walked round about the room, looking at everything as though I had been in a museum, and then got out my sketch-book and, sitting down, started a portrait of my host. He seemed to understand what I wanted of him, and kept as rigid as a statue while I was doing it. Even when it was finished no one evinced the slightest curiosity to see the result. In any other part of the world one would have been pestered by people crowding round and all wanting to finger one's sketch-book, but here, in this far-away Siberian home, where, to say the least of it, sketching is not an everyday sight, stolid indifference was stronger than idle curiosity. I determined to take advantage of it, and, since my being there did not seem to disturb them a little bit, I got out the launch, and returned there the next day with my paint-box and largest sketching-block. All the people I had seen on the previous afternoon were in the house, having what evidently was their morning meal. It was a simple and homely sight, this family gathering round the brightly polished table, with the glittering samovar towering in the centre. It struck me as being so interesting that I got a couple of chairs, one to sit on and the other as an easel, and commenced sketching in the group as rapidly as possible. Fancy what would have happened if such an event occurred in an English homestead! Imagine, for instance, a bearded Russian walking coolly in while breakfast was going on and the whole family present and, without saying a word, taking possession of part of the room and commencing to paint the occupants without even asking permission! In my case, however, all went as merrily as a wedding-bell: no one interfered with me, and they were so long discussing their weak tea that, by the time they had finished, I had managed to get a very fair idea of the *mise en scène*. With the exception of an hour, when I went down and had my lunch in the launch, I worked there the whole day as comfortably as if I had been in my own studio. In spite of their natural indifference, the people, in their quiet sort of way, evidently wished to help me, and to show me some little politeness. I noticed that the children were forbidden to talk loud or even to come anywhere near me, and anyone who has had any experience of sketching in strange places, where, as a rule, the children worry one even more than the flies, will understand what a boon that was; while, to cap my adventure with this unique family, during the afternoon my host came up to me, hat in hand, and, bowing very low, pointed to an adjoining room. Out of curiosity, I got up to see what was there, when, to my astonishment, I saw the samovar hissing away, and tea and cakes waiting for me. This was hospitality indeed, and my only regret was not being able to express my thanks in Russian; but I fancy they must have pretty well guessed the meaning of the few bluff words I said to that effect in English as I drank to the health of my host's wife in boiling tea, and very nearly scalded myself. The ice was broken, and they all laughed very much, for fun is probably very



A RUSSIAN TRADER'S DAUGHTER.

much the same all over the world. We now became quite friendly, considering I did not understand a word they said; and I made myself quite at home among them till I had finished my picture. Before leaving I presented my host with a pencil sketch of his wife as a souvenir of my visit, and he evidently prized it very much, for I fancy he intended fixing it up over the religious picture in the corner."

We shall publish some more illustrations, with a description, of Mr. Price's river voyage up to the city of Yeniseisk, after the seagoing vessels the Biscaya and the Thule had started, on Sept. 14, for their return to England. The expedition had consisted of three ships—viz., the Biscaya, a chartered Norway ship, under command of her Norwegian master, Captain Petersen; the Thule, under command of Mr. Cordiner, who had acted as mate on board the Labrador in 1889; and the tug Bard, under the command of Robert Wiggins, brother of Joseph Wiggins, each vessel on its own account.

The Biscaya started from London, first of the three, and came in for the bulk of the ice, having cleared which she made her way straight to Karaoul without once touching the ground, and unassisted by the river pilot, who ought to have met her at Golchika, but did not turn up. High praise should be given to Captain Petersen for the way in which he handled his ship and took her safe from port to port and back again. But as regards the special navigation of the Kara Sea, and the safe ascent of the Yenisei, the principal credit belongs to John Crowther, the icemaster and pilot who accompanied the Biscaya, and was made responsible for the navigation. It was he who, as mate of the Eira, Mr. Leigh Smith's celebrated Polar yacht, figured conspicuously among the heroes who passed nine months without provisions or winter clothing in Franz Joseph's Land, within measurable distance of the North Pole, after the Eira had collapsed between two icebergs and sunk before anything but the ammunition, a canary bird, and a retriever could be got out of her. He afterwards went as mate in the Labrador in 1888, and, when that ship was forced to return to England without having accomplished her voyage, accompanied Mr. Victor Morier in his adventurous reindeer journey from the Arctic Sea across the Urals in midwinter to the Obi. Lastly, he went as mate in the Labrador in 1889, when the gallant old ship, working through 500 miles of floe ice, made her way to Golchika in twenty-nine days. Next to Captain Wiggins, therefore, Crowther was undoubtedly the first British Kara Sea expert alive, and had the syndicate not been able to secure his services on board the leading ship the expedition could not have been undertaken.

Great praise is also due to Mr. Cordiner, master of the British ship Thule, who had the difficult task of conveying the tug Bard across the ice. His troubles, however, ceased at Golchika, whither a tug was sent from Karaoul to show him the way up the river.

(To be continued.)

## ART MAGAZINES.

There are several articles of considerable interest in the first number of the *Magazine of Art* for 1891, the chief of which is a review of the existing portraits of John Ruskin, written by Mr. Spielman. A photogravure of Millais's painting of the former Slade professor is the frontispiece of the magazine, and several other interesting likenesses are given. Mr. Holman Hunt, in an article on the proper mode and study of drawing, advocates the teaching in all schools of a thorough system of drawing as a necessary part of a child's education. A discourse on the illustrating of books from the humorous artist's point of view is aptly undertaken by Mr. Harry Furniss, as one who can speak from wide experience. Mr. Furniss gives an amusing recital of some of the difficulties he has met with in his endeavours to depict faithfully the characters and incidents provided by sometimes too exacting authors. Mr. Brocklebank's collection of pictures is described at length by Mr. Dibdin, and Mr. F. Stephenson contributes a paper on Belvoir Castle and its history.

The excellent plan adopted by the directors of the *Art Journal* of having a biographical and descriptive sketch of some talented artist in each number of the magazine has probably been the means of introducing the work of many celebrated foreign artists to the notice of the outer circle of the public interested in art. The Dutchman Kaemmerer is the subject of this month's sketch, and several of his charming, well-drawn, and dainty studies are reproduced as illustrations. The three new pictures in the National Gallery from the Longford Castle collection are discussed in another article. All three are reproduced, the Velasquez and the Moroni being the most successful. The account of Lord Tennyson's childhood and birthplace, by Mr. Anderson Graham, is pleasant reading, and is accompanied by several drawings of Somersby Rectory and of the country round. The drawings of the "new caricaturist," introduced by Mr. Norman Garstin, will appeal with peculiar force and vividness to anyone who knows the types from which they are taken.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are about to publish the "Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens," by Robert Langton, F.R.H.S. The work will consist largely of entirely original and interesting information as to the boyhood of the great novelist.

A committee has been formed to raise a memorial to Drummond of Hawthornden. He, it is true, expressed a wish that no monument should be raised to him after his death, but that roses might be "busked" over his grave. Nevertheless, his Scotch admirers, headed by Professor Masson, are anxious that a medallion should be placed near the spot, in Lasswade churchyard, where he lies, as well as a tablet put up in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh.

Two interesting contributions to autobiographical literature are promised shortly by the house of Longman. The first is "The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his life in the English Church," with a brief autobiographical memoir, and the other is "Annals of my Early Life," by Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews. This volume, which deals with the years between 1806 and 1846, will be followed by "Annals of my Later Life," treating of the events of more recent years.

The death is announced of Mr. Francis Hitchman, author and journalist. Mr. Hitchman was perhaps best known by his "Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield," which has reached three editions; but he was also the author of several other works, among them "The Life of Pius IX.," "The Life of Sir Richard Burton," and "Eighteenth Century Studies," while he edited, with copious annotations, "Coningsby" and "The Runnymede Letters." Mr. Hitchman was for some time assistant editor of the *Standard*, and for ten years editor of the *Manchester Courier*.



A RUSSIAN TRADER.

table shone like a looking-glass, and everything showed the handiwork of a careful housewife. The stove was alight, and the heat was excessive, yet curiously there was not the slightest feeling of ill ventilation. Immediately on entering I noticed (as my "Murray" told me I should in all Russian dwellings) the inevitable sacred picture in a corner of the



HOUSE OF A RUSSIAN TRADER ON THE BANKS OF THE YENISEI.



F R O M     T H E     T H A M E S     T O     S I B E R I A .

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE BISCAYA.



KASANSKOI, ON THE YENISEI RIVER.



A HOME IN NORTHERN SIBERIA: THE MORNING MEAL.





A SKETCH IN MILLER'S COURT, WHITECHAPEL.



A FAMILY FROM LANCASHIRE.

THE DISTRESS IN THE EAST-END.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

With the New Year come the London private views, which serve to bring society together before the rigours of the English spring disperse all who can afford the change to the Riviera, the Nile, Algiers, or some other of those happy lands where 'tis always summer.

Be it noted in passing that this eternal summeriness of other parts of the earth than our own is pure theory for the most part—a poetic dream, one of those fictions about the possibilities of existence that make life endurable, by encouraging hope—and by no means to be acted upon (as far as costume goes) as though it were a sober truth. On the Riviera, at any rate, it is possible to be more miserably, simply, depressingly cold than even in London, because in French hotels there are not proper appliances for maintaining warmth, and very often, among inexperienced visitors, there is not proper clothing in the wardrobe either. Ladies who may now be preparing for going to the South of France should on no account leave their furs and thick gowns at home. Unless one is content with a couple of hours' exercise in the middle of the morning, the warmest style of dressing is required. The wind is often piercingly cold at the same time that the sun shines brightly; and as soon as the heat of the sun declines the cruel blast has it all its own way, so that there is an extraordinary difference in the thermometer in the space of a few hours. Algiers and Madeira are more equable in temperature, I believe, but nowhere is the boast of "always summer" realised, except in the happy islands of the South Sea, which are not yet fashionable resorts.

Those singularly interesting exhibitions of historic periods that the New Gallery has held for the past few seasons always secure on their opening days guests different from the ordinary artistic "private viewers." The lenders of the various articles come to see their pictures and relics in place in the exhibition; and accordingly there are present a large number of county people, and also of those Peers and Peeresses who do not commonly patronise semi-public society functions. The dressing at the private view of the "Guelph" exhibition was, however, very dark and plain, matching the dull bleak day. The three-quarter length jackets were the most noticeable feature of the costume display. Such coats were very generally worn, but one's eye is not yet habituated to them, and so one perceives that, however fashionable, they are distinctly unbecoming to the female figure. However, there they are, and so must be put up with, I suppose. Fur jackets are all made with high collars of the Medici type, but the shoulders are very little raised. This is due to the influence of Paris on London fashions. Parisian ladies have not adopted very high shoulders, and so our own are declining, instead of extending yet nearer to our ears.

At the Academy dress was much brighter, ranging from such splendour as Mrs. Edmeston's coat of crimson-brocaded woollen with long wing sleeves from shoulder to hem of crimson velvet to Mrs. Ashton's Dilke's simple yet striking costume, a grey brocaded woollen long cloak with revers of beaver, worn open to show a dark-brown cloth dress, fastened down the front with Broddingnagian hooks and eyes of brass, sewn on with white thread. Very many long cloaks were worn there, the most popular styles being the Russian shapes, and those with sleeves fitting tight to the arm and covered by a loose piece set in at the shoulder and falling to the hem. Velvet was used for some of these cloaks, but the majority were of cloth, either brocaded or plain. One of the prettiest costumes was a gown of fawn cloth, with a vest and hem of embroidery on the material, and a jabot of lisse frilling in exactly the same shade as the cloth, worn under a long cloak of dark-blue velvet with shot fawn silk lining. Another good costume was a black faille française dress with crossway bands of jet appliqué down the front, and a long mantle of black matelasse with sleeves hanging over from the shoulder of black velvet, heavily embroidered in jet. Flat bonnets, with the trimming raised at the back, were worn by all the best-dressed women.

A feature of the private views has been the extent to which men are wearing fur-trimmed overcoats. Not long ago, a beaver, astrachan, or sealskin collar marked a man out in the distance as certainly vulgar, and probably a Jew. This winter, on the contrary, the man who cannot get an overcoat lined throughout, or at least trimmed, with fur must feel out of the fashion. Sable is the most popular fur for the purpose; next comes beaver, which is the more becoming, and nearly as costly.

I mentioned some weeks ago that sealskin was rapidly rising in price. If any of my readers took the hint, they must now be grateful to me, for the price has since advanced considerably, and what is worse is that the end is not yet. In fact, there is a prospect of that beautiful fur becoming far more costly even than the finest sable. The drapers' trade journal advises its clients not to sell any sealskins they may have in stock, but to hold them over till next winter, because the price is expected then to be double what it is at present. This is sad news, for nothing is at once so comfortable and so becoming as a sealskin mantle. The reason for the rise has two heads: first, the cruel way in which the sealers have killed off the mothers and left the young to perish untended; and, second, a dispute about the seal-fishing grounds between our own and the United States Government.

Such abominable weather as we have recently had in London makes one appreciate the efforts of dress reformers. Words cannot depict, to happy dwellers in the pure clean country, the awful filth of London streets during a long frost following a snowstorm. The police require the householders to sweep the snow off the footways, but a certain portion remains, and more is constantly carried on by the feet of passengers who have traversed the roadway. Hence, in the frequented streets, the pavements are thick with the most odious mud, while in the centre of the roads the snow simply accumulates and remains. In a quiet square or bye-road the snow lies in frozen mounds, getting dirtier and uglier, and less like its first fair state, day by day. In the busy streets, it is trodden into deep, disgusting sludge. It is in this sort of stuff that women, in their long skirts and slight boots, have had to tramp about for some weeks—or else to give up taking exercise at all, and get ill, or cross, or fat. The local authorities simply stand with folded hands: as far as I am aware, they do not even pray to Hercules to come to their aid, far less do they apply their shoulders to the wheel, and help themselves out of the trouble.

At this favourable moment, Mrs. Charles Hancock, a well-known and very stylish society lady, has come forward with the invention of a new "Rational dress," which she recently exhibited to a large gathering of ladies at her own house in Queen's-gate. Mrs. Hancock's bad-weather dress is admittedly a modification of the shooting-costume in which women go forth to meet the guns on the moors. It consists of a light tweed skirt, made with a very few pleats, and ending five inches from the ground. Moreover, it is foot-lined with a strip of leather. Under this is worn a pair of knickerbockers of the same material, and lined with flannel, and then stout boots and

gaiters complete the covering of the legs. The bodice is made very simply, with a loose-fronted vest; but, of course, the specialty of the idea is the skirt, so admirably suited for dirty roads. The point of real importance, however, is whether this costume attracts public attention when it is worn in the streets. Mrs. Hancock avouches that she has walked wearing it in the fashionable thoroughfares, and has not been at all specially observed. The gaiters are said to be the chief item of the comfort of the costume.

## MUSIC.

Could you—assuming, of course, that you were able to come to a collusive arrangement with the clerical individual in charge of our meteorological department—by any possibility contrive to inflict long-suffering metropolitan humanity with more utterly unmusical weather? How on earth is anyone to feel musical in such a climate, or what is the use of it if your temperament does happen to be sufficiently Taplean to compel you to a desire for harmony? Say that you wish to sing: well, that is out of the question, for your voice is fit for nothing except, perhaps, to frighten away the starving small birds which take temporary refuge from the "cauld blast" on your window-sill. Then you sit down at your grand piano—or "cottage," as the case may be—and endeavour to wake the wintry echoes by a few inspiring chords and arpeggios. But your fingers are blue and numb, and the joints are hopelessly stiff. There is a concert announced to take place at a hall a few streets off, but your bronchitis will hardly allow you to face the night air and get your larynx and trachea full of a fresh dose of fog. If you did go you would find half the artists absent through "severe indisposition"—genuine this time—and the other half apologising for their hoarseness, while the barking accompaniment kindly supplied by the audience would be the most prominent performance of the evening. No! Serious music is really not to be thought of until this fickle weather settles down in a respectable manner and the thermometer raises its humbled mercury head.

And yet one or two lion-hearted enthusiasts do try to go on being musical in spite of all things. One gentleman wrote to the papers the other day and communicated the important fact that he had discovered the note played by the multitude of skaters on the icy surface of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. I fancy that it was G, but the intelligence did not appeal to me with any great force. Perhaps the same ardent and industrious individual will "oblige" with the average pitch (Philharmonic) of the snow-shovels which chink against the Regent-street curb-stones in the early morning. He might go a little further, and suggest that the County Council should be made responsible by Act of Parliament for the correct tuning of these implements. In fact, I am half afraid that this investigation of the musical properties of the Round Pond may be the thin end of a very large wedge. There are some clever performers who frequent the "Halls," and who style themselves "The Musical Jees." This talented family, in the course of their entertainment, manage to extract concerted pieces from anvils, horse-shoes, saucepans, kettles, brooms, and all sorts of more or less domestic articles. But we do not want the Jee element introduced too strongly into our daily life. If we all get into the way of wondering in what key our boots are creaking, or whether the top note reached by baby in one of his paroxysmal shrieks is F sharp or G flat in altissimo, or if our area railings ring true to the rattling stick of the passing street-urchin, existence will hardly be tolerable.

Apologies of the above, I fancy that my friend of the Round Pond has taken a leaf out of the book of an enterprising Yankee who announced in *Scribner's*, some few years back, that he had discovered the chord of Niagara. It was, he said, one huge dominant seventh of the key of C major, and it started on a G, I should be afraid to say how many octaves below the bass clef—about eight, if my recollection serves me. No one, I believe, ever ventured to dispute this statement, and I am not prepared to do so now. But I envy that American gentleman the acuteness of his auditory nerve.

Possibly by the time these words are in print Mr. D'Oyly Carte will have made up his mind on the all-important subject of his opening date at the "Royal English Opera." At the moment of writing he has not done so, or, at any rate, if he has, he has not divulged the secret. The choruses of "Ivanhoe" have been in good working order for some time, but the principals have had to be drafted into the rehearsals by batches. One lot, I hear, have practically finished their labours, and the second detachment, of which Miss Maggie Macintyre and Mr. Ben Davies are prominent members, are now being put through their paces. It is to be hoped that Jan. 17 will not be pitched upon for the first night of "Ivanhoe," as Mr. George Edwardes has already selected that date for the production of "Joan of Arc," at the Opéra Comique. It may, perhaps, sound like coupling small things with great if I express a hope that there will be no "clashing" between these two events; but, after all, Mr. "Osmond Carr," one of "Joan's" parents, is a Mus. Bac., and some of us would like to record early opinions on his work. However, if the Savoy manager *does* make it Jan. 17, I have no doubt that Mr. Edwardes will be discreet and thoughtful enough to wait until Monday, Jan. 19. Sir Arthur Sullivan's score contains, I understand, a comparatively small number of *solis*, the vast bulk of the opera being made up of concerted music. One of the most attractive pieces will be a tenor air, at the close of which Mr. Ben Davies will fall asleep; and I also hear rumours of a specially delightful ditty allotted to Friar Tuck. Without being in any way "behind the scenes" in the matter, I have no hesitation in prophesying that "Ivanhoe" will be a great artistic success. Sir Arthur is a head and shoulders above any other English composer, and, besides this, the public are familiar with his powers in all directions. The commercial side of the enterprise is another affair altogether, and upon that point I have no desire or intention of speculating. This much, though, I will say, that Mr. D'Oyly Carte, whether he succeeds or whether he fails, will have earned the heartfelt thanks of every musician and every music-loving individual in the kingdom. That he may succeed is my sincere hope, and the hope of all who wish to see England take a higher place in respect of her lyric drama than she now occupies. One thing is very certain—that, if fortune smiles upon the new venture, the name of D'Oyly Carte will be written in very large letters in the musical history of the present epoch.

The battle of the Berne Convention is being fought with a will, and the London agent of the French society which looks after the interests of Gallic authors, composers, and publishers is once again on the warpath. It seems that the conductor of the West Pier band at Brighton has been rashly including in his programme the "Caprice Polka" by L. Mayeur. In consequence of this "unauthorised performance," Mr. Alfred Moul hailed him the other day before the judge of the local county court. But "His Honour" decided against the plaintiff, and the matter will have to go up to the Queen's Bench Division.

## A PALACE OF MEMORIES.

Showplace though it be, monument of the past that it is, there clings to the Palace of the Doges an air of proud nobility and stately magnificence such as the Royal homes of European Sovereigns cannot boast. First a Byzantine palace, erected in 820, it was five times destroyed by fire, and as often rebuilt, the present structure dating from the fourteenth century. Rising beside the agate waters of the Adriatic, its outer walls supported by six-and-thirty columns of coloured marble, without bases but with marvellously decorated capitals, its figure of seated Justice, bearing the inscription "Strong and just I put the furies beneath my throne and the sea beneath my foot," its deep colonnades, and its portal of many marbles, it speaks of a power which is no more, of a glory that has departed.

Few who look upon its noble front and traverse its lofty halls think of the scenes it has witnessed, the triumphs on which it has smiled, the tragedies on which it has frowned; for not only was it the residence of the Doges, but the palace where all Councils of State were held. The Grand Council consisted of four hundred and eighty men of high birth, who appointed a council of forty to administer criminal justice, a council of sixty to assist the Doge in ruling foreign and domestic affairs, and a council of ten who held authorities over all other councils, and privately investigated and punished all offences against the State. Over these presided the Doge, who had the honours given to majesty paid him, the coinage of Venice being stamped in his effigy; he following in processions the Pope, Emperor, and King, taking precedence of Princes of the royal blood. But for all this he exerted little personal authority, having to render an account of his deeds to the councils, who watched him with unflinching eyes. So that it does not surprise us to learn that out of the first fifty Doges five abdicated, five were banished and had their eyes put out, nine were deposed, and five were massacred.

The Doge whose story most forcibly lives in our memories as we tread the rooms through which once he swept in pomp and state is Marino Faliero. In the courtyard of the palace is a vast flight of steps, the Scala dei Giganti, adorned with colossal statues. On the uppermost landing of these steps the Doges swore fidelity to the State and were crowned; and here Marino Faliero, who, forswearing himself, entered into a conspiracy to kill the principal inhabitants and have himself proclaimed Sovereign, was executed, when the head he once held high in pride rolled down the stairs from its severed trunk, the face distorted by pain, bruised, and blood-smear.

Within the palace, visitors pace through noble chambers, vast halls, and lofty reception-rooms, with ceilings painted by Paolo Veronese and Domenico Tintoretto; chimney-pieces carved by Sansovino, Alessandro Villona, and Girolamo Campagna, caryatides by Pietro da Salo, doors designed by Palladio, and walls hung with the works of Jacopo Tintoretto, Bassano, and Marco Vecellio. But, leaving these apartments, once crowded with the proud rulers of the State, with smiling courtiers from many kingdoms, haughty Ambassadors from beyond the seas, and crafty Orientals from the Conquered East, we pass the Bridge of Sighs, and gain the prisons where those who offended against the State were lodged. But the dark and noisome dungeons remain, where the inmates heard neither the blithe-some voice of their fellow-man passing in his boat outside, nor the sound of waters gurgling against the massive and slimy steps; where the light of day never shone, but where once in twenty-four hours a single torch was fixed in a loophole in the wall and allowed to burn itself out, that succeeding darkness might fall more heavily upon the sufferer's soul. By the red glare of these torches many inscriptions were written, which yet remain, expressing the wild misery and dark despair of those who scratched them into the stone with the point of a nail.

Here is a cell more gloomy and horrible, if possible, than its neighbours; for he who entered knew he bade good-bye to life and hope, realised that ere another day dawned and died he should be numbered among the dead. Its very atmosphere seemed still impregnated with terror and grief, yet harbouring the agony and despair of men made mad by suffering. Through a square aperture in the wall food was handed; and here towards midnight came with noiseless tread the cowed confessor, who heard the whispered sins of the doomed, and spoke such consolation as might be given before the prisoner was led into a narrow passage, lighted with the smoky flames of flambeaux, to be strangled by the executioner—pale and ghastly prototype of death himself.

Close by is the black and sombre water-gate, where those tortured out of life, strangled, or beheaded, in the names of justice, peace, and humanity, were carried; their bodies, encased in sacks, being placed in those black boats with many rowers, who, dark as shadows and silent as spectres, bore them away as to a lower world, to fling them into the Canal Orfano, where, on penalty of death, no fisher's net was thrown.

But the Doge's palace has brighter memories. From between the red columns of the upper colonnade, where once the bodies of the conspirators Calendario and Bertucci Isanello dangled, derided by the mob, crowds of men nobly clad in velvet, with sleeves lined with fur, and women robed in rich brocades and cloth of gold, looked down with smiling faces and watchful eyes upon the notable tournaments, the jousts and games, which took place in the banner-decked, flower-wreathed, colour-full square below. And from out the gate of the palace, flowing through the Piazza and wending its way to the sea, passed yearly a proud procession, when the Doge in great pomp and glittering magnificence—in fulfilment of the privileges granted by Pope Alexander to the Doge Ziani in 1177 and to his successors—went with golden ring and solemn rite to wed the Adriatic, his bride and his pride.

While the bell-towers of Venice filled the sunlit air with joyous peals that echoed far over the blue and peaceful waters; while the blare of trumpets and sounds of guns were heard, the procession started, headed by standards and banners with ribbons floating in the winds, followed by heralds in gorgeous raiment, bands of silver instruments, ambassadors with stately retinues, companies of flutes, the esquires of the Doge, canons of St. Mark's, Patriarch of the Basilica, secretaries, chaplains, the Doge himself, in robes of velvet dazzling with precious stones, walking under the *ombrela*, in his suite the Pope's legate and the French Ambassador, the train ending with the three orders of the councils.

Then, embarking in his barge bright with gold, decorated with rich arras, bearing many a pennant, rowed with numerous oars, and followed by boats containing sacred relics, and gondolas carrying his noble suite and companies of tuneful musician, she sped forward to the stately ceremony which bound the broad waters to his service and made him lord and master of the sea.

There is living in the Zoological Gardens at present a common crane, which has attained to the venerable age of forty-two years. It was added to the collection in 1848.

The ascent of the Gross Glockner Mountain, in the Tyrol, was accomplished on Dec. 26 by Herr Victor Pillwax, of Vienna, accompanied by three guides. The last winter ascent of this dangerous mountain was accomplished at the end of January 1876, by an Englishman.







## OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

There are but few symptoms of failing resources in this, the twenty-second exhibition of works by the old masters; still, one may be permitted to doubt the wisdom, however much we may recognise the expediency, of having recourse to the stock in hand of recognised picture-dealers. Moreover, it will be readily admitted that by far the most attractive feature of the present year is the almost complete history of English water-colour painting from Paul Sandby to Frederick Walker. But this special art has never been fully recognised by the Royal Academy, except in the case of Sandby himself, who was one of the original council of that body when first constituted in 1768; for William Pars, M. A. Rooker, and Henry Edridge never rose above Associate rank, and all of them worked in oils, though with indifferent success.

The arrangement of the rooms is unaltered; and the fourth gallery is once more devoted to works of the old Italian and Flemish masters, and will, as in former years, furnish an admirable exercise-ground for all who desire to display their special powers of discrimination between the rival claims of painters of whom little but the names survive. Nevertheless, there are several works in it which will be found attractive even by those who love pictures from their intrinsic beauty and for the feelings they evoke. Foremost among these is a "Virgin and Child" (152) by Mantegna, a small half-figure of the Mother, in which the artist has adopted a favourite arrangement, especially with the Venetians, of resting the child upon a balustrade. There is another instance in our National Gallery which is ascribed to Perugino, where a similar quiet simplicity of expression is to be found. An instance of the Venetian treatment of the same subject is to be found in the small picture by Bartolommeo Montegna (156), in which the influence of Carpaccio may be more clearly traced. Of other renderings of the same subject the most noteworthy are those of Giov. Bellini (155), lent by Lady Alice Gaisford; that by Ghirlandaio (149), lent by Mr. Stirling Dyce; and an exceedingly interesting specimen of early Venetian work (141), painted at a time when the influence of Greek art and the *miniatori* had not altogether disappeared.

Lord Ashburnham's large panel painting, "The Adoration of the Magi" (161), by Mabuse, is in no way a replica of the picture at Castle Howard by the same artist, although many of the incidents are similarly treated in the two works. It is also painted on a larger scale than Lord Carlisle's picture; but the artist's name does not appear here as it does in the other work. Two kneeling figures—Jean d'Orleans, Archbishop of Toulouse, and his sister-in-law, Joanna, Duchess of Longueville, one of the great heiresses at the opening of the sixteenth century—are, moreover, introduced as the donors of this picture to the church for which it was originally painted. A "Nativity" (158) by Albrecht Altdorfer, with a very naive rendering of the Star of Bethlehem, a "Virgin Enthroned" (167) by Hans Memling, and a "Crucifixion" (166), by Hendrik Bles, otherwise known as Civetta, are also worthy of notice.

In the large gallery the honours are fairly divided between English and foreign artists. Romney, on this occasion, comes out more strongly than Reynolds. Nothing can be more graceful in line or colour than the full-length portrait Lady Milnes (130), the wife of Sir Robert Shore Milnes, a distant relative of the late Lord Houghton, to whom this picture, nevertheless, belonged. The pendant to this exquisite figure is the seated portrait of Miss Horneck (134), the "Jessamy Bride," who became Mrs. Gwyn, painted in 1767, almost at the

zenith of Reynolds's powers. She and her sister sat on several occasions for their portraits, and doubtless he was as much drawn to them by their fascinations as by the ties of old Devonshire memories. Close by hangs another of Reynolds's favourite sitters, but not belonging to the same class—Polly Kennedy (132), whose brothers were convicted of murdering a watchman in a drunken riot, and were sentenced to be hanged. In those days a sentence given on Friday was carried out on the following Monday; but Miss Kennedy was able to set in motion a number of powerful noblemen and ladies; a respite was obtained, and the sentence was commuted. But, three months later, they were again brought before Lord Mansfield to take their trial a second time, on the appeal of the murdered man's widow. "Junius," the City of London, and the Bill of Rights Club were eager in demanding their execution; but at last their indefatigable sister persuaded the widow to accept £350 as hush-money, and the trial ended in a nonsuit. The present picture was painted in 1770, just after the two men had been respited, but while they were still confined in jail; and there is a distinct trace of suffering and anxiety in the handsome features. It was painted for Sir Charles Bunbury, and, according to Reynolds's opinion, it had "more grace and dignity than anything" he had ever done. The portrait of Lady Crosbie (136), the daughter of Lord Sackville, the most unpopular Minister of his day, belongs to a somewhat later date, but it shows no symptom of any falling away of the painter's powers. In addition to these, "The Young Fortune-Tellers" (137) and "The Nymph" (129), one of his studies in the Correggio manner, are the most interesting of Sir Joshua's works.

The three splendid specimens of Velasquez's work would of themselves suffice to make the present exhibition noteworthy—although the poor little Infanta Maria Theresa (112) looks terribly overweighted by her stiff black brocade dress, which, in accordance with Spanish etiquette, came close to the ground, because, for the outer world, Spanish Sovereigns and their children had no legs. But the grace and artlessness of childhood are restored by the painter's art, which represents the child fondling a little spaniel lying on the chair beside her. Her father, Philip IV. (116), was not an attractive man to look at, and all Velasquez's art could not make him so; but in the Duque d'Olivarez (113), the well-known Minister, he had a subject worthy of his genius, and a patron whom he was only too willing to conciliate. Seldom has Velasquez been more successful than in the rendering of both the horse and the rider, both of which are full of spirit, courage, and self-confidence. It was said of him by his contemporaries that he lacked none of the qualities of a great captain, save that he had never seen active service. This admirable picture, of which there are two replicas, belongs to the Earl of Elgin, while the other two are lent by Mrs. Lyne Stephen, who probably inherited them and the allegorical picture (114) by Murillo from the founder of the family, who made a princely fortune when attached to the British Army during the Peninsular War.

It was somewhat incongruous and wanting in a sense of proportion to accord the places of honour in the large gallery to the "Holy Family" (102), attributed with more boldness than reason to Perino del Vaga, and to Suterman's very hard and crude portrait of Cardinal Capponi (124). The former was merely a decorative painter, who assisted Raffaele, and the latter a painstaking man without genius. Such magnificent works as Frank Hals's "L'homme à la Carme" (121), which Sir Edward Guinness purchased last year at the Sécrotan sale, and the "St. Jerome" (110) by Sodoma, which, if not one of

the painter's most distinctive works, is marked with a high devotional feeling, as well as consummate artistic power, belong to a very different style of art, and are among the gems of the present exhibition.

The "Holy Family" (100), by Fra Bartolommeo, and Mr. Cornwallis West's Moroni (115), are among the more interesting of the Italian works, even if their authenticity is not above dispute. The portraits of Francesco di Ribalta and his wife (117) are not only attractive as works of art, but have an interest arising out of the circumstances of the painter's marriage. He was the pupil of an artist whose name even is now forgotten, and, like Quentin Matsys and Antonio Solario (if the latter ever existed), he loved his master's daughter, but was not thought worthy of her hand. Ribalta, strong in his love, went to Italy to pursue his art, and, three years later, returned so accomplished an artist that no further obstacle was interposed to the lovers' union. Whether Doña Ribalta's beauty was so exceptional each must decide according to taste, but it may be added that the artist's married life is said by biographers to have been singularly happy. The portraits of a "Dutch Lady" (122), by Van der Helst; of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond (125), the favourite of Charles I., by Vandyck; and of the second Lord Baltimore (120), the founder of the State or colony of Maryland, by Gerard Zoest, are valuable additions to the present exhibition, and good specimens of their respective painters, but they do not call for special comment.

We reserve for a future article the remaining oil-picture rooms and the interesting survey of English water-colour art brought together under the auspices of a body which offers no rewards to living painters in that medium.

The Postmaster-General has written to the representatives of the Australasian, South African, and Canadian colonies inviting them to take part in the International Postal Convention, to be held in Vienna next May. Mr. Raikes expresses the hope that those colonies which are still unrepresented in the Postal Union will see their way on this occasion to join, more particularly as the postage between Great Britain and her dependencies has now been reduced to the uniform rate fixed by the Union.

It is stated that the oldest married couple in the world is to be found at Lac Quiparle, in Minnesota. Mr. Daniel Salisbury completed his 103rd year on Dec. 14, and his wife is seven years older. They were married in January 1811. Until recently this venerable pair lived by themselves in a log-house on the Yellow Bank River, and both are described as being still in good health. On his one-hundredth birthday Mr. Salisbury walked to Bellingham and back, a distance of seven miles each way.

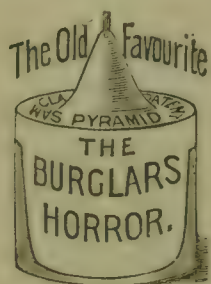
There was a "private view" of the electric light at the British Museum one evening last February, and a great crowd thronged the galleries, which were thenceforth to be opened to the public at night. It was said by the cynical that never again would the place be so well filled, and the year's report bears out the statement. During the first month of the evening opening there was an average evening attendance of 634, but during December it was only 86. The authorities, discouraged by the result, decline to extend the evening opening to the Natural History Department at South Kensington. We regret their decision. The geological and mineralogical exhibits at South Kensington have more value for the many thousands of students at evening classes than anything to be seen at the Bloomsbury Museum.

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From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Oct. 25, 1890.

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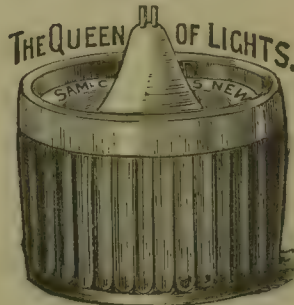


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MR. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:— "Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ mile for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Sigh no more, ladies!" not simply because "men were deceivers ever" (a matter of opinion, by the way), but because there is a cheerful entertainment at the Lyceum. If you want to sigh, there is ample opportunity every Friday, when "Ravenswood" will harrow your bosoms to any extent; but on other evenings you may cultivate a lighter mood on "Much Ado About Nothing." Possibly some of you went to the Lyceum last Monday with reminiscences of this comedy as it was performed at that house several years ago, when you were all eighteen. You are very young still, of course, and quite capable of exclaiming, "What a very bad man!" as one lady behind me remarked when Don John told that horrible slander about Hero. And I am sure you found Beatrice as charming as ever, though you were a little puzzled now and then, perhaps, by her repartee, and though I dare say you wondered a good deal why the gentlemen on the stage were so mightily amused by certain unintelligible allusions. If you dip into the footnotes of your Shakespeare (a course I do not recommend), you may find that those learned men the commentators make some dark hints at the meaning of these things, but you will not be any the wiser, and it is not advisable that you should; only I admit that it is rather tiresome to find the prince in the play, and his polished companions, making vastly merry about matters which nobody else understands. But there is some capital humour in the piece, which I know you appreciated. To be sure, Beatrice's retorts are not always of the first order of wit, and the French gentleman who told us the other day that they were rather poor fooling had some reason on his side, though, like most presumptuous Gauls, he ventured to criticise Shakespeare without knowing a word of our incomparable language. When Beatrice says to Benedick, "A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours," I cannot say that the epigram is brilliant, and I have a faint suspicion that, if it were not uttered by Miss Ellen Terry with infinite grace, it would sound even vulgar. To be quite candid with you, in my opinion the divine William sparkles more successfully in some other plays of his than he does in "Much Ado About Nothing." Of course, this is high treason, and the whole of the present number of this journal ought to be publicly burnt in front of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon. But, as your parents and guardians may have remarked to you, this is a disbelieving age, and if you are forbidden to read another line of this article I shall not be astonished.

As I have said, however, there is humour in this play, to which you lent a willing ear. For what could be more gratifying to the feminine mind than Benedick's discomfiture by the plotters to whom he had professed such unalterable detestation of matrimony? They laid a trap for him, and he fell into it, as every man is sure to fall, ladies, when he presumes to

pit his intelligence against your charms. This aspect of humiliated manhood is, I think, presented by Mr. Irving with most mirthful effect. The humorous frenzy of the logic with which he reasons himself into the belief that he is bound to marry must have tickled you mightily. When he discovered a double meaning in Beatrice's summons to the dinner-table, all the women in the theatre smiled audibly, if I may use an expression which has been hallowed by a Minister of the Crown. I don't think you were equally pleased when Beatrice suddenly resolved to banish maiden pride and avow her love for Benedick. And I am sure you listened with wonder when Claudio showed that astonishing readiness to marry an imaginary niece of the man whose daughter he had repudiated at the very altar, and when he marched off to the second bridal after sticking up an epitaph in Leonato's family vault to the lady he supposes to be dead. I confess to a slight prejudice against Claudio. He is much too prudent a young man. Before he makes love to Hero he carefully inquires whether her father has a son and heir. He allows himself to be imposed upon much too easily when he mistakes Margaret for Hero at the bedroom window in the dead of night, though possibly he had not the advantage of seeing the Lyceum moonbeams playing on Miss Kate Phillips's red wig. And his manner in the church, as I am certain you will agree with me, is positively brutal to the poor girl who is so cruelly and unjustly cast off and disgraced.

But this savours of more treason to the divine William, who enjoys the privileges of superlative genius, one of which is the right of telling an exquisitely improbable tale. It is a comfort, after all, to listen to this and to relish it, without dreading that in the next number of a theatrical journal you may be assailed by a dramatist who writes with a club, and tells you in impassioned rhetoric, apparently adapted from a manuscript melodrama, that he hates you. The Lyceum revival ought to be a peace-making performance, and when Mr. Clement Scott returns from Algiers I am sure he will sit side by side with Mr. Sydney Grundy, and forget the brewing of storms in teacups in hearty enjoyment of the buoyancy and brilliancy of Mr. Irving's production. It is worth while to drop swords and daggers in order to recognise the originality of Mr. Mackintosh's Dogberry, probably the best impersonation of the character that has been seen in our time. Perhaps Mr. Mackintosh a little over-elaborates his effects, but a gorgeous stupidity seems to radiate from this grotesque figure, and his appeal to be written down an ass is the most comic expression of outraged self-importance I ever heard. I wish Mr. Bishop would reduce the proportions of the Friar's beard, and give a little more weight to his exhortation. But these are small blemishes on the cathedral scene, which is as effective as ever. There is just the touch of serious interest which gives increased zest to the comedy, and Miss Terry's infectious gaiety and Mr. Irving's dry humour, and the merry end of the quaint, impossible old story, ought to tempt the most rheumatic playgoer

from his fireside and his flannel dressing-gown even on these nice bracing evenings.

There is another revival which has a very different kind of interest. When I entered the New Olympic on Jan. 3 my mind was carried back to one of the most notable occasions in my theatrical experience—the first night of "The Silver King." I am not likely to forget the growing excitement of that audience at the Princess's as this wonderful melodrama unfolded itself, as one fresh and forcible device succeeded another, until it seemed scarcely possible that the story could be maintained at such a tension. How we all clamoured for the authors at the end of the third act! I remember Mr. Wilson Barrett came in front of the curtain, and said that they preferred to wait for the verdict at the end of the play, and my heart sank a little, for I thought that after such a climax there might be some decline of power which would rob those gentlemen of the reward that was offered to them tumultuously in the middle of the piece. But when the curtain fell, the storm of applause was greater than ever. We all felt that here, at last, was a melodrama with a really striking motive, with ample resources of humour and pathos, with an abundance of natural and dramatic situations. "The Silver King" has remained without a rival of its class to this day. The piece exerted all its old fascination over me, and I followed the vivid acting of Mr. Barrett and Miss Winifred Emery with a tearful eye. But why does one line cling so persistently to my memory?—"The Psalms is one thing, and the *Daily Telegraph* is another."

The sum of £598,220 was spent last year on hospitals alone, while in the case of home and foreign missions a total was reached of over £1,700,000. Bible and tract societies were benefited to the extent of £313,727, and provident dispensaries and convalescent institutions had a total income for the past twelve months of £131,524. The grand total of money devoted to these and similar benevolent ends was but little short of five millions of pounds, representing roughly a sum of three shillings during the year for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

Between two and three hundred clerks of the Savings Bank Department of the General Post Office have been suspended for insubordination. They were asked to work overtime, and they objected, partly because the notice was so short, but mainly on the ground that they were exempted from such work by the Treasury regulations. Their contention is that their hours are fixed by the Government, but Sir Arthur Blackwood maintains that they have no right to refuse their services on an emergency to a department of the State. To this the retort is that the Post Office is generally in an emergency, as extra work is continually imposed on a diminished staff. Whatever truth there may be in this, the constant friction between the Post Office employes and the permanent officials seems to demand a thorough inquiry.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 25, 1878), with two codicils (dated June 7, 1883, and Oct. 25, 1887), of Mr. George William Alexander, late of Woodhatch, Reigate, who died on Nov. 24 last, has been proved by Robert Henry Alexander and William Cleverly Alexander, the sons, and Robert Ernest Alexander, the grandson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £227,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, horses, carriages, and carts at The Willows, Stoke Newington, and Woodhatch, £2500, his leasehold residence Woodhatch, and a piece of freehold land and three cottages at Reigate, to his daughter, Miss Mary Ann Alexander; £50,000, upon trust, for her, for life; then, as to £10,000, as she shall appoint, and as to the remainder for her children or remoter issue; in default thereof, the same is to go to his said two sons, in equal shares; The Willows and all his freehold and leasehold properties at Stoke Newington, and also at Rochester and Strood, to his son Robert Henry; the remainder of his freehold and leasehold property at Reigate, all his property in and near Dover, and the furniture and effects in any house given to his son Robert Henry, to his son William Cleverly; £3000, upon trust, for each of his brothers, Henry and Samuel, for their lives, and then for their respective children; £2000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Hannah Horsnail, for life, and then for her brother Edward Horsnail; £1000 to his grandson, Robert Ernest Alexander; and legacies to indoor and outdoor servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1881) of Mr. Thomas Rhodes Armitage, M.D., late of 33, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 23 last, at Cashel, county Tipperary, was proved on Dec. 30 by Mrs. Harriet Armitage, the widow, William James Armitage, the brother, and John Whitaker Hulke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £217,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £200 to each of his executors, Mr. Armitage and Mr. Hulke; and £20 to each of his servants who have been five years in his service at his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to each of his children during the life or widowhood of his wife, and the remainder of the income to her during the same period; and, subject thereto, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1890) of Mr. John Holman, late of Camborne Veor, Camborne, Cornwall, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 24 by John Henry Holman and James

Miners Holman, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator leaves £100, and an annuity of £350 during life or widowhood, to his wife, Mrs. Priscilla Holman; his residence, Camborne Veor, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son James Miners; his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, for life or widowhood; a house in Basset-road, Camborne, to his son John Henry; a house in Beacon-terrace, Camborne, to his son James Miners, during the life or widowhood of his wife; certain railway shares and Consols, upon trust, for his daughter, Priscilla Vivian, in addition to £1000 Consols settled on her at her marriage; and £50 to Frederick Holman, if he accepts the trusteeship. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said two sons equally.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1881), with a codicil (dated Dec. 16 following), of Mr. Henry Wood, late of 10, Cleveland-square, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 1 last, was proved on Dec. 23 by Mrs. Rosetta d'Arblay Wood, the widow, and the Ven. Charles Burney, Archdeacon of Kingston-upon-Thames, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives his residence, 10, Cleveland-square, all his pictures, plate, books, jewels, articles of household use and ornament, and £900 to his wife; and he makes up her income with what she will be entitled to under settlement to £1500 per annum; and £50 to his executor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two daughters, Rosetta Susan Wood and Edith Mary Burke Wood.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1890) of Dame Laura Emmeline Dickson, relict of Captain Henry Buckworth Powell-Montgomery, and formerly the widow of Vice-Admiral Sir William Dickson, Bart., late of Wilverley Park, Lyndhurst, Hants, who died on Oct. 5 last, was proved on Dec. 23 by Harry Douglas Berkeley, William Wavell, and Archibald William Macfarlane, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testatrix appoints, under settlement, £3000 to her brother Stewart Northep, and the remainder of a sum of £10,000 to him for life, and then to his children; her furniture, pictures, china, and glass at Wilverley Park to the person who shall succeed to the Wilverley Park estate; £1000 to her nephew Ackland Northep; and other legacies. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she gives two sixths to her said nephew Ackland, and one sixth to each of the other four children of her brother Stewart.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1879), with two codicils (dated July 24, 1882, and Jan. 7, 1885), of Mrs. Eliza King Josephine Cruikshank, late of 41, Queen's-gardens, Bayswater, who died

on Nov. 28, was proved on Dec. 23 by the Rev. James Alexander Cruikshank, the son, and Henry Harper Bothamley, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to her said son; and legacies to godchildren, executors, and servants. The residue of her property she gives to her three daughters equally.

The will (dated May 30, 1884), with two codicils (dated May 12, 1885, and Feb. 3, 1886), of Mr. George Spencer, M.D., late of Althorp House, Castelnau, Barnes, who died on Oct. 19 last, was proved on Dec. 23 by Mrs. Alice Catherine Spencer, the widow, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The dispositions of testator's will and codicils are entirely in favour of the members of his family.

Frau Margarethe Kreitschik, of Vienna, who has just attained the great age of 116, is certainly—if her baptismal record be a genuine document—the oldest woman that has been heard of in recent times. She has lived in Vienna since 1824, her husband carrying on the trade of a woodsplitter.

About a year ago a Hungarian peasant, digging under a mound or "barron" in the neighbourhood of Szegedin, excavated five human and three horse skeletons, with a great quantity of armlets, rings, earrings, buckles, brooches, and harness ornaments, making in all 267 pieces. The man hid these things in his cottage and said nothing about their discovery until the other day, when the Government at once claimed them as treasure trove. The articles are said to be valuable, and they are believed to have been interred in the tomb of a chieftain of the tenth century.

The funeral of Dr. Schliemann took place in Athens on Jan. 4. The coffin, covered with a mass of wreaths, was deposited in the centre of the drawing-room in his well-known house in University-street. A numerous company of friends, comprising foreign archaeologists, Greek Ministers, and members of the Diplomatic Corps, gathered round to do honour to the deceased. The King and Crown Prince arrived at two o'clock and stood by the bier while M. Petersen, the Royal Chaplain, read the burial service in German. Speeches were made by Mr. Snowden, the American Minister, and Herr Dorpfeldt, head of the German Archaeological Institute. The ceremony was a most imposing one. According to his testamentary deposition, Dr. Schliemann was buried in the Greek Cemetery beyond the Ilissus, where speeches were delivered by Dr. Waldstein, head of the American Archaeological School, and by M. Kavadias.

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## OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT DONERAILE.

The Right Hon. Richard Arthur St. Leger, Viscount Doneraile of Doneraile, in the county of Cork, died on Jan. 1, at 13, South square, Gray's Inn. His Lordship, who represented the ancient family of St. Leger, founded in Ireland in 1537 by Sir Antony St. Leger, K.G., Lord Deputy of Ireland, was born on Feb. 22, 1825, and succeeded his cousin as fifth Viscount on Aug. 26, 1887. The title now devolves on his nephew, Edward, born on Oct. 6, 1866, the son of the late Rev. Edward Frederick St. Leger, Rector of Scotton, Lincolnshire.

LADY MALET.

Marianne Dora Lady Malet died at Bournemouth on Jan. 2. Lady Malet was the only daughter of the late Mr. John Spalding of The Holme, N.B., and his wife, Marianne Eden, who married a second husband, the first Lord Brougham.

Lady Malet was married in 1834 to the late Sir Alexander Malet, K.C.B., by whom she leaves two sons—Sir Henry, the present Baronet, and the Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet, her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin.

SIR CHARLES J. KNOX-GORE, BART.

Sir Charles James Knox-Gore, second Baronet, J.P. and D.L., of Belleek Manor, in the county of Mayo, died, at his beautiful seat near Ballina, on Dec. 22, aged fifty-nine. He was eldest son of the late Colonel Francis Arthur Knox-Gore, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sligo, on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1868; and he filled the office of High Sheriff of Mayo in 1877. He was Colonel of the 8th Brigade North Irish Division Royal Artillery. As Sir Charles leaves no issue, the title becomes extinct. The late Baronet took an active part in the local affairs of his county, was a large employer of labour, and a chief promoter of the line of railway to Killaloe.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General F. C. d'Epinay Barclay, formerly of the 12th, 24th, and 66th Regiments, and second son of the late Sir David W. Barclay, Bart., of Plerston, on Dec. 28, in his fifty-ninth year. He entered the Army in May 1849, in the 12th Regiment, and became Lieut.-Colonel in the 24th Regiment in

1865, exchanging to the command of the 66th Regiment in 1874, and Colonel in 1879. He retired with the rank of Major-General in 1880. He served in the Kaffir wars of 1851-3, and had the medal; he was also, for some time, aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Barkly, the Governor of Mauritius.

Mr. William Bulkeley Glasse, Q.C., at Chettle, Blandford, Dorset, on Dec. 30, 1890, at the age of eighty-four. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn on Nov. 18, 1834, and was one of a batch of nearly thirty barristers whom Lord Truro, Lord Chancellor, made Queen's Counsel in July 1851.

Professor Casey, LL.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, on Jan. 4, at seventy years of age. He was a very distinguished mathematician, a corresponding member of the Continental scientific societies, and the author of many histories on the higher mathematics.

The Rev. William Alexander Osborne, on Jan. 4, at his residence, Melrose House, Teddington, Middlesex. In 1836 he obtained the position of Senior Classic in the Tripos, and Senior Chancellor's Medallist. He held the Head Mastership of Macclesfield Grammar School from 1836 to 1849, when he was promoted to the headship of the then newly founded public school at Rossall, in the North of England, where he remained for twenty years, resigning his post in 1869. From 1876 down to 1888 he held the rectory of Doddington, in Somersetshire, and along with it he held the prebendal stall of Ashill in Wells Cathedral.

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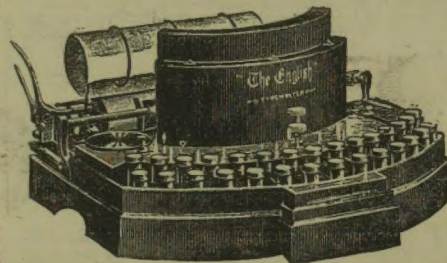
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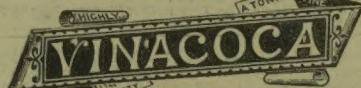
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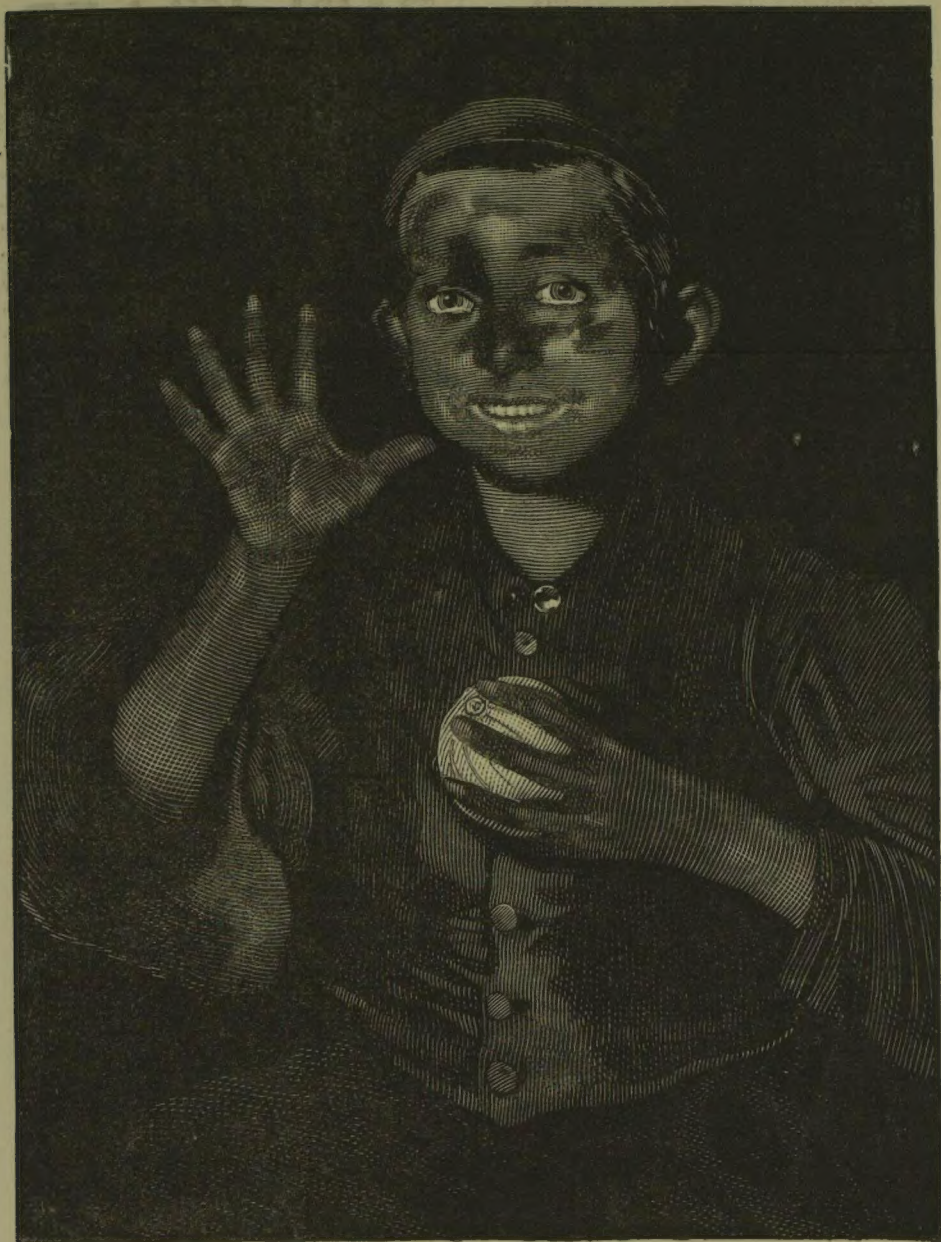
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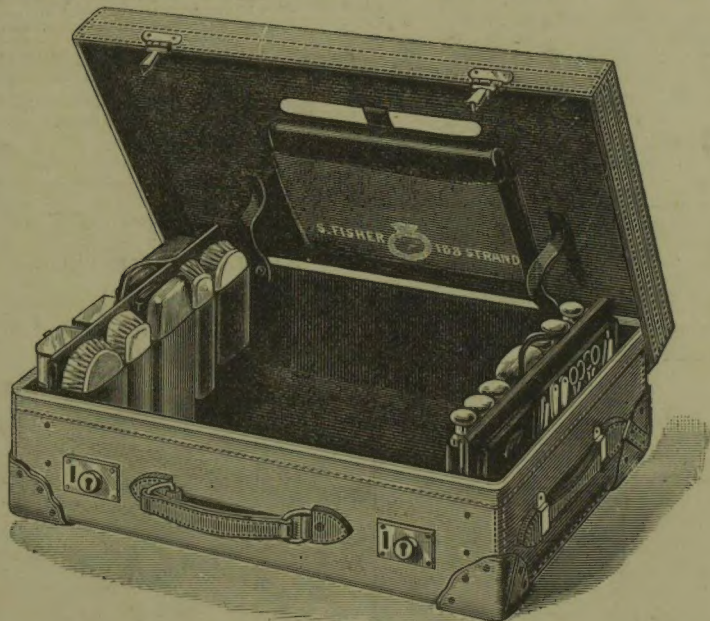
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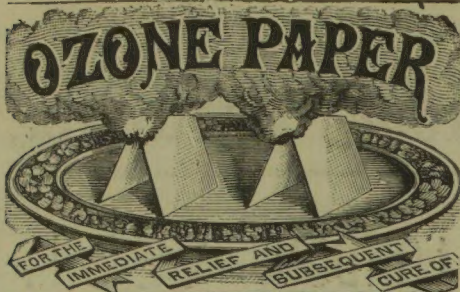
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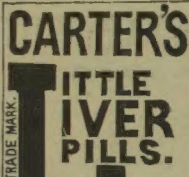


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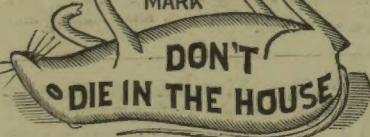
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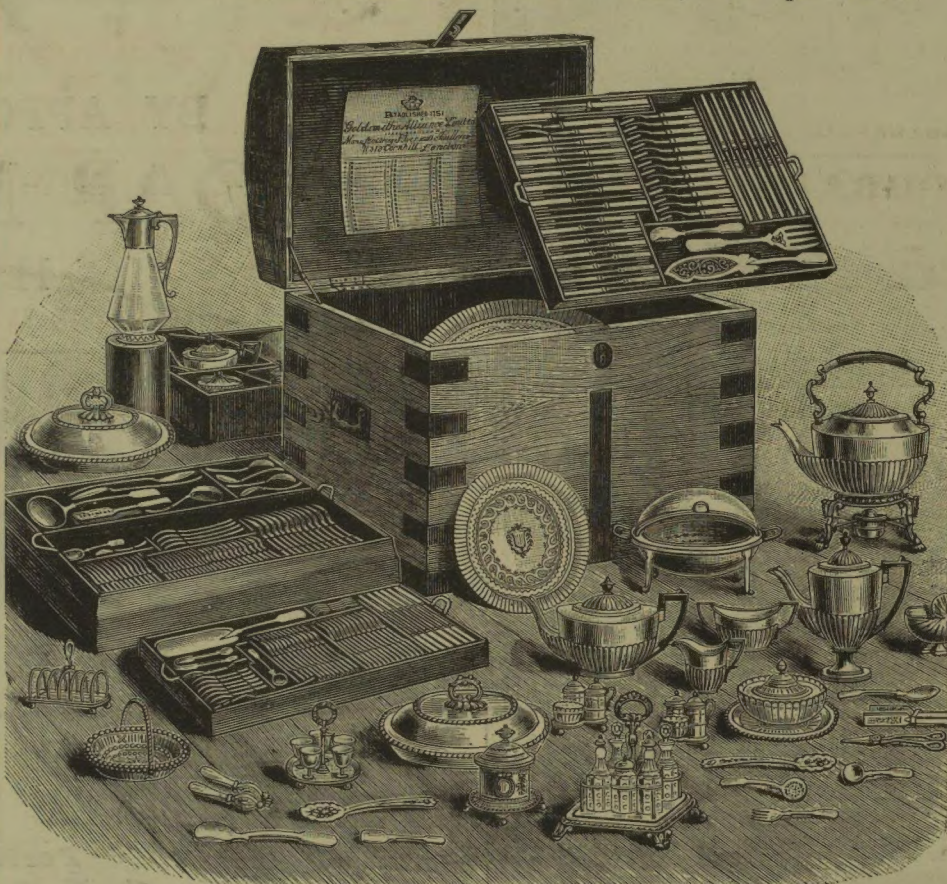
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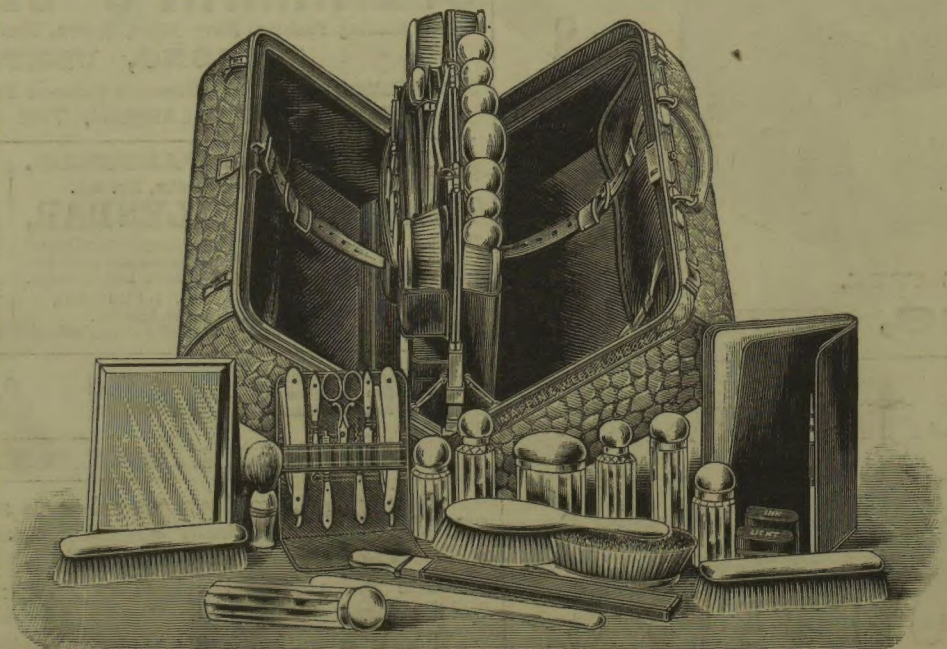
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